The Modern Man

A Weekly Journal of General Interest.

No. 186. WEEK ENDING MAY 25TH, 1912. ONE PENNY.

FLYING BEFORE ROYALTY.

King George must have been delighted with the fine work accomplished by the naval airmen at Weymouth. The photograph shows Commander Samson (inset) passing over the Royal Yacht in the famous naval hydroplane S 41.

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Why pay high prices for clothes? W. W. Hedgecoe (Private Tailor and West-End Cutting Specialist), of 147, Holborn, E.C., supplies the highest quality at most moderate prices. Call or write (two doors from Gray's Inn Road). Satisfaction guaranteed. From 30s. to 63s.

Tweeds (genuine) in lengths. Colonial readers supplied. Patterns.—Jones, Tweed Merchant, Salop Street, Dudley.

Coat-hanger and trousers-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Dark Grey Town Overcoat, slight figure, chest 37½; approval; scarcely worn; also Roller Skates.—Box 8021, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

10s. 6d. pair of Boots for 2s. No further payments. Stamp for particulars. — Beltons, 16, Montpelier Street, Brighton.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Golf Clubs.—Driver, Brassie, Mashie, Putter, Cleek, with Bag; only slightly soiled; the lot 18s. 6d.—Box 7,000, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Conjuring, Jokes, Card Tricks. Catalogue free.—Vandy, next Wyndham's Theatre, Dept. (M.M), London.

Gentlemen requiring "inside" turf information, genuine and exclusive, should send for particulars.—Box 8023 "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The Stet. Settef Institute announcement on page 958.

Cut here

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 964.

Cut here

MEDICAL, &c.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The finest Tonic ever known for Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders, Indigestion, Headache, etc. Recommended by leading physicians and athletes. Send 1s. P.O. for recipe to Home Recipe, c/o Box 6031, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why suffer with Piles? Buer Mul-la and Powder is a safe, certain, and speedy cure; cures permanently the worst cases. Send two stamps for free sample.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E.

Holiday Perils—Seasickness, Trainsickness. Absolute preventive. Perfectly harmless. Mailed privately, sevenpence, stamps. — "Worship," B205, Pearl Street, Sheffield.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Clerks.—Special Notice.—Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" shorthand. Easiest, quickest, best system. Learned in 12 lessons. Saves a year's study. 80 words per minute in one month. Send postcard to-day for our new illustrated "New Rapid" handbook.—Shorthand Association, 81, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. (no connection whatever with J. M. Sloan or the Sloan-Duployan Company, of Ramsgate).

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 966.

EDUCATIONAL.

For Sale, one copy "Faces and How to Read Them," cost 1s. 9d.; "Phrenology," cost 3s.; containing complete instructions how to become a phrenologist; essential to any business man; accept 2s. 9d. the two. Also Magneto Electric Machine for giving shocks, cost 7s. 6d.; and a Punch Ball Bladder; what offers?—Mickman, c/o 3, Huntriss Row, Scarborough.

EDUCATIONAL.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

FREE, 7s. 6d. Safety Razor, with extra blades, absolutely free to all sending P.O. 1s. 6d. (3d. extra for postage and packing) for one of our marvellous 3s. 6d. Pocket-knives, English oxydised steel handles, best make; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4670, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 3d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, 6 modern men to share Fruit Farm in Australia. One year from now. £25 to £50 capital necessary.—Box 8022, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Boston Cream, a truly delightful Summer Drink, "a treat." Recipe 4d.—Box 8020, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Camera bargain. No. 6K Klito hand camera, absolutely unused, won as prize, takes twelve quarter plates, Anastigmat lens, F7.7, Automat shutter, rack focussing for portraits, cost £3 3s.; accept £2 10s., or nearest offer.—Box 5016, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

One cannot but regret the extinction, under the new scheme of South African defence, of the Cape Mounted Rifles. It was a hardy old corps, and although most of the actions in which it was engaged were but minor affairs, it showed it could be second to none in defending the Old Flag whenever there was big fighting to be done. The best qualities of many a young fellow have been brought out under its discipline, and it is to be feared that the constabulary force in which it is now merged will offer to the youth of to-day but few of the attractions which induced those of yesterday to throw in their lot with the blue-uniformed veldt-scouting Cape Mounted Rifles.

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Magistrates and Motor "Trapping."

Motor "trapping" has for some time past been quite a sport with the police out Godalming way, but the magistrates appear to be getting rather tired of their own share in the fun. The other day they dismissed, on payment of costs, four out of ten summonses for exceeding the speed limit of ten miles through the town, a striking contrast to the official figures for 1910, when only four cases were dismissed out of 255. They have shown, moreover, a disposition to impose only light fines, even on conviction, except in the case of old offenders.

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The "road-hog" is an unsavoury animal, but not all motorists are "road-hogs." Many of those that are fined have committed some merely technical offence. And anyway, the Godalming traders find that the boycott by motorists, to which their town has been subjected through the over-fondness of the police for motor "trapping" there, means an annual loss of some thousands of pounds, while the private residents have had more than enough of the notoriety which the quiet old place, unwillingly, has had forced upon it.

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Concerning Glasgow's Pre-eminence.

The growth of towns in Great Britain seems to take place on rather arbitrary lines. Glasgow used to be the second city of the Empire; then Birmingham linked itself up with a number of outlying townlets, and gave its name to the aggregation, becoming thus enlarged to such an extent that Glasgow was displaced from its proud pre-eminence. Not to be outdone, however, the City on the Clyde has now followed suit, and when everything is comfortably and parliamentarily settled, it will exceed Birmingham in size and population, the latter being 1,030,000, or one-fourth that of Scotland as a whole. For "Stands Scotland whar she did?" may then be substituted "Stands Glasgie whar she did?" and the answer will be a proud and emphatic "Yes!" It seems rather absurd that towns should have forced upon them such a factitious growth; but then, even the expansion of the premier city of the world is to be accounted for in the same way.

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Sequel to Point-to-Point Races.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is a most admirable and praiseworthy institution, but its officers display a tendency now and then to let their zeal outrun their discretion. At the Carmarthenshire Point-to-Point Races, Mr. J. G. Hutchinson's horse got rowelled accidentally, and a little consequent blood was mixed with sweat and foam. By the vigilant eyes of an S.P.C.A. inspector on the spot, this was magnified into a vision of the horse's flanks being covered with patches of blood, which was dripping to the ground. A prosecution followed, but, very properly, Mr. Hutchison was found not guilty of the charge alleged against him. For all that can be known to the contrary, that zealous inspector might have been far more usefully employed somewhere not a hundred miles from the races.

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It is all very well to bemoan the depopulation of fishing towns on the east coast of Scotland, but it is bound to continue so long as foreign trawlers are permitted to flood the market with their catches. The fact might or might not serve as a bone of contention between Free Traders and Protectionists, but in any case the obvious issue is that some very drastic action should be taken in the matter, and the sooner it is taken, the better it will be for all those who are justly concerned.

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Miss Malecka's Monstrous Sentence.

The monstrous injustice of the sentence passed upon Miss Malecka must have filled everyone outside the Russian Empire with burning indignation—and many inside it, too, Four years' penal servitude, and then exile to Sibera for life! Such iniquity makes one almost despair of Muscovite regeneration.

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The sentence would have been monstrously unjust even if Miss Malecka had been a Russian subject, for the only "crime" of which she is guilty is that of expressing sympathy with the wrongs of her father's native country, Poland. But she is not a Russian subject; she is an Englishwoman. She was born in England of an English mother, and that fact alone gives England a better claim to her than Russia's, based on the refusal to admit that her father, by becoming a naturalised British subject, de-Russianised himself.

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Banishment from the domains of the Tsar would have met the requirements of the case sufficiently, even from the normal Russian standpoint; and Miss Malecka would have been only too glad to find herself once more beneath the Union Jack ever to desire to set foot again on the "little Father's" territory. Four years' imprisonment in a Russian gaol for such an offence as hers, is a crime against justice; and compulsory residence for the rest of her life amid the sterile wastes of Siberia, is, where justice is concerned, a hideous travesty.

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What is the motive underlying it all? Does the Russian Bear, with "privy paw" stretched out towards our Indian possessions, desire to goad us into reprisals that might precipitate another Crimean War? At any rate, the matter cannot be allowed to rest where it is.

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When two important daily papers amalgamate, or one is incorporated with the other—in different words, when one becomes extinct—it seems hardly playing the game for a paper of the same political school to try to deprive the incorporating journal of the readers of the incorporated. Yet this is what was done when the first issue of the *Daily News and Leader* appeared, for every London newsagent then exhibited the announcement: "One paper less to-day. Read the *Daily Chronicle*."

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Chestnut Sunday at the Court.

As the vast majority of those who visit Hampton Court on "Chestnut Sunday" are afoot, it is a little inconsiderate of motorists, to say the least of it, that they also should swarm there, and obscure the glories of the blossom-laden trees by the clouds of dust they raise. Let us hope there will be an improvement in this respect when Chestnut Sunday again comes round.

A serviceable corrective crops up from time to time in the matter of some people's estimates of the average peer—namely, that he is a vapid, emasculated individual, with nothing more prepossessing than an eye-glass and a drawl. The gallant attempt, the other day, by Lord Dunsany to rescue a drowning man in the Serpentine, was in striking contrast to this unpleasing picture. And Lord Dunsany is by no means the only peer who has proved of late that the wearing of a coronet is not incompatible with the possession of well-developed muscles and the true spirit of hefoism.

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Rugby's Level-Headed Master.

It is a pleasure to come across such a level-headed man as the Rev. Dr. A. A. David, headmaster of Rugby, in these days when, as he said at a recent meeting of the Parents' National Educational Union, there is a widespread habit of giving a rather morbid attention to the details of health. Some of the boys of his own school actually returned after their holidays with their trunks stuffed with such things as tonic wines, which he promptly relegated to the sink. He wanted boys, he added, to be proud of their health, and not to think always of their symptoms. Hear, hear!

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How would readers of *Modern Man* like their paper to be presented to them in orthography similar to the following: "Isyue ov 4,000 shariz ov £1 eech and £4,000 4½ per snt. loen stoc." This is how the prospectus of a garden village society in South Wales begins. Let it be added in all haste, by way of dissipating an erroneous notion which may have arisen from a superficial glance at the words, that they are not Welsh. The prospectus goes on to state that the Society will build "attractiv cotajes and housez for the yues ov worcing men, scild artizans, clarcs, shop assistants, and uthers ov moderit incums." It may be quite correct to call this orthography, as has been done above. Orthography means correct spelling, and doubtless, phonetically considered, the submitted specimen of "simplified" spelling is correct enough, though even then "k's" might be preferable to "c's." But heaven grant that the day is still far distant when it will be necessary to print *Modern Man* in such barbarous-looking language!

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The Emperor and a Duel.

Whatever rights may be respected in Germany, the right of following one's conscience would seem not to be among them. Dr. Sambeth, a staff officer of the reserves, was recently insulted by a fellow officer, with the obvious intention of bringing about a duel. He referred the matter to a civil court, which decided that the aggressor should be fined, and the medical court of honour sustained Dr. Sambeth in his action. So far, so good. And there the matter should have ended.

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But it didn't end there. The case was carried farther—it was referred to a military court of honour, notwithstanding that Dr. Sambeth had refused to fight a duel. His refusal was not based on want of courage—he had proved himself too good a soldier to be accused of that. He declined to fight because duelling was contrary to his conscientious convictions. The military court of honour, nevertheless, decided against him, and the matter was taken a stage farther by being referred to the Emperor, who upheld the military verdict.

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As Dr. Sambeth still refused to participate in the duel to which he had been challenged, his Imperial Majesty decided that, as he had allowed his conscience to oppose itself to the fundamental principles of his class, he could no longer retain his rank in the army. He therefore demanded his resignation, and considered he was granting him a special privilege in allowing him to resign! Imagine our own King acting like that if duelling were still legal among us!

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A well-known daily paper, to which sensationalism is as the breath of life, has just informed a gasping world that His Excellency the Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the new German Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, possesses a Press Agent in the person of Herr Paul Weitz, late correspondent in the Turkish capital to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. But why this surprise?

The Paid Boomster.

It is an open secret on the Continent that every personage of note in the higher circles of politics and diplomacy possesses a boomster who is paid—if not in actual money—still in some very tangible form of emolument. To go still further, even Royalty abroad is not above employing a Press Agent.

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Here is a case in point. A year or two ago, a large area in Spain was devastated by overflowing rivers; and in one particular spot there was a sudden and serious catastrophe one afternoon, in which a great many men who had been conducting damming operations, were injured. It so happened that King Alfonso was in the neighbourhood in his motor-car; and at the sight of one badly wounded man being tended by a doctor, the young King alighted and asked what was the matter. "Alas," said the doctor, "he will die, for the only thing that might save him is ——" (mentioning a very rare drug) "and I have none!" "By Jove!" said the King, "I've got some in my car!" (or words to that effect). He ran to the car, brought back the drug, administered it with his own Royal hands—and the man recovered.

There was a strong revolutionary feeling rife at the time; and the question may safely be left for common-sense to answer: Was this—or was it not?—an astutely Press-manœuvred scene to enhance the Royal favour with the working classes?

* * *

Good Word for Winston.

Though we are no party-politicians on *The Modern Man*, we may still give a pat on the back to Mr. Winston Churchill in view of the recently passed German Bill for increasing the German Navy. The chief item in this is the addition of three Dreadnoughts to the programme fixed by the Navy Act of 1908. It should be remembered as specially significant that in 1909 Germany announced her intention of making no addition to that programme.

Under the circumstances, every Britisher must feel a warm feeling inside at the recollection of Mr. Churchill's words:—"For each additional Dreadnought laid down by Germany, the British Admiralty will construct two ships of the same class."

Now we know what Mr. Lloyd George meant when, in his Budget this year, he held back a surplus of six and a half millions to meet "very serious contingencies."

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The business of a newspaper should be to improve, and not deteriorate, the character of its readers. In this connection, a big daily which boasts proudly of its predominant circulation seems to fall very short of such a laudable object. I am referring chiefly to its daily practice of publishing figures of the amounts left in the wills of people whom—in most cases—nobody has ever heard about or wants to.

Such particulars can be of interest solely to the beneficiaries under the wills in question; and in publishing them the halfpenny daily referred to is simply disseminating its own unhealthy spirit of prying into other people's private concerns.

The good old saying, "Mind your own business," applies to papers no less than to persons.

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Revolvers in Ireland.

There ought lately to have been a considerable access of revenue, or else there's been shocking laxity somewhere. In the course of the debate on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill, Mr. McMordie, the Lord Mayor of Belfast, declared that there are 100,000 revolvers among the Unionists of the North of Ireland, and 200,000 or 300,000 among the Nationalists. What say the gun-licensing authorities? If the revenue they have received does not justify the existence of so many revolvers among the belligerently disposed in the distressful isle, and if the revolvers really are in existence, the defaulters ought surely to be searched out and their weapons confiscated. The fewer fire-arms there the better, during the next six months. If the much-menaced trouble has got to come, it would be just as well if blackthorns were substituted for revolvers. Broken heads might be more numerous, but perforated ones would be less so, and that would be something to be thankful for.

The wave of horror that passed ovet us when we heard of the "Titanic" disaster was succeeded by a thrill of pride. Britons had nobly demonstrated the race's reputation for heroism, we assured ourselves. The safety of women and children had been secured before the men looked after themselves, and the captain had stuck to his ship to the very last.

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An Overdrawn Picture.

We know now that the picture was somewhat overdrawn. There were not wanting instances of male passengers trying to rush the boats—and not all of them were foreigners Nor were all the women and children that might have been saved got off the sinking vessel; while many a poor drowning wretch would have found a place in but half-laden boats if it had not been for the pusillanimity of those—some of them men—already occupying them.

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In any case the captain doubtless would have remained at his post as long as it was absolutely necessary for him to do so; but Captain Smith had the most potent of reasons for sticking to his ship to the last and going down with her —the reason involved in his own responsibility for the disaster. By steaming at top speed into the very jaws of a danger against which he had but recently been warned, he had brought death to many a human being with whose safety he had been entrusted, and desolation of many a home. What man in his position would have cared to face the consequences?

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The annals of maritime disasters present examples of British pluck and discipline more conspicuous than that afforded by the loss of the "Titanic"; but even they scarcely justify the ill-digested boast that we, of all the races of the earth, possess a monopoly of those virtues. We can concede without any loss of dignity, and without obscuring the truth, that others have a share; and when instances of cowardice are associated with the wreck of a British vessel, we ought not to be too prone to attribute them to foreigners. As a race we may be very brave indeed, but it does not follow necessarily that every one of us is therefore an undiluted hero.

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Facts must be looked squarely in the face, and the loss of the "Titanic" has run us up against some very unpleasant ones.

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British Officer's Honour.

In Germany, again, it will appear to be a very venial offence to asperse the honour of a British officer. Last January a prominent German newspaper published a circumstantial but absolutely false report, to the effect that Lieutenant Brandon, at present undergoing four years' imprisonment in the fortress of Wesel for espionage, had attempted to escape by bribing a soldier. There is, of course, nothing particularly libellous in being wrongfully charged with attempting to break prison, nor anything specially heinous in the attempt if actually made. There is, however, something positively despicable in bribing a soldier to turn traitor to his country, and it was because of this accusation being brought against him that Lieutenant Brandon took action against the paper which gave currency to the report.

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The baselessness of the charge was completely demonstrated, yet the paper was only mulcted in a paltry fine of fifty marks, the Court considering that "a spy, whatever the motives of his action, does not appear worthy of the special protection of the criminal law"! Comment would indeed be superfluous.

* * *

A Football Mystery.

More than a little mystery surrounds the death of a twenty-year-old youth called Wilkins, who died lately as the result, it is alleged, of a kick in the stomach while playing football. The evidence led the coroner's jury at first to give a verdict of death from an intentional kick; but this was, on the coroner's hint, shorn of the word "intentional." The father said that his son had mentioned the name of a particular person as the offender, and had alleged deliberation. We all know that hooliganism is not unknown in a certain class of football; and this looks like a case where closer enquiries ought to be made.

WRESTLING FOR HEALTH.

Some Practical Advice for the Novice.

By STRONGBOW.

For the benefit of readers who are interested in the science of wrestling, or those who are novices and wish to become good and clever wrestlers, a training routine will be interesting, and if carefully carried out, will transform the novice into a creditable exponent of the grappling game.

Proceed With Caution.

Before proceeding further, I would impress upon the reader the necessity of going slow, by which I mean to infer that, as wrestling is a really strenuous sport, you should be a little over, or at least of the average strength, before engaging in wrestling practice, because if you are not physically strong you will be liable to do yourself more harm than good. So for such as the above reader, the best thing is a course of graduated weight-lifting exercises, beginning with weights you can easily lift, and increasing the poundage as you grow stronger, until at the end of about three months you should be nearly twice as strong as when you started, which stands to reason that you will be better able to hold your own whilst wrestling than you were before, besides minimising the possibility of injury to yourself whilst engaged in practice bouts.

Metaphorically speaking, the above is a leaf out of the life of Georges Hackenschmidt, for when he was being trained for his wrestling career he was not allowed wrestling practice, but was kept at weight-lifting exercises, selected to strengthen and develop the whole body, especially parts most needed in wrestling, which gradually increased his strength until he was fit to be pitted against the strongest-men in the world.

On the Mat.

Then he learnt his wrestling, with the result that he was for ten years the undefeated champion wrestler of the world.

After this weight-lifting course, you can begin to study the practical side of the game on the mat. Join a gymnasium where wrestling is practised two nights per week, and wrestle two practice bouts nightly of about fifteen minutes' duration each (the amateur limit), finishing up with a cold shower bath or sponge down, followed by brisk rubbing and drying with a rough towel to restore circulation.

Purchase a good text book (Hackenschimdt's is about the best); then carefully read and study the holds illustrated therein, also practise them on the mat until you are a thorough master of the various positions of attack and defence. Then, when you have got into the system recorded above, persevere with it for a year at least, before thinking of entering competitions or making matches with more experienced men than yourself.

At the end of about a year's patient practice and study, you should be a fairly good wrestler, and could then look out for competitions at your weight, in which you must keep your wits about you, wrestling in your own practical style and taking advantage of any little mistake your opponent happens to make. If you win, you will be getting something in return for your training.

Don't be Disheartened.

If you are beaten, don't be disheartened, but try again and again until you do win, for if you keep on trying you are bound to make your mark, because every competition you enter gives you more confidence and experience, besides making you gradually better and better in strength and the science of mat-craft.

To illustrate an example of this, I will give you an instance of a pupil of mine, who, when he first came to me for lessons, was really very weak and ill-looking. Therefore, I put him on a system of weight-lifting exercises for two months, and then taught him wrestling. At the end of four months' wrestling, I began to despair of making him into any kind of a wrestler, and told him so; but he still persisted in taking lessons. I used to throw him about as I wished, but he used to say: "Be as rough as you like; I will learn all the quicker," and he stuck to his task with real grit and determination, until, after fifteen months in all, his wrestling powers were equal to mine, and he is now touring the halls taking on all comers as a world's champion.

The Winning of Winsome Winnie.

A LITTLE AFFAIR THAT NEVER LEAKED OUT.

By C. EASTON-GREY.

There was no doubt about it, Sir William's pheasants were not nearly as numerous as Sir William's headkeeper had a right to expect after all the trouble he had taken to rear, and then watch over them after they had been turned down in the coverts.

"Where they do get to is more'n I can tell yer," said old Sturdy; "but dang me, I'll find out yet, even if I sit up the whole night and every night o' my life."

There was an informal conference between Sturdy and his two underkeepers, as to what was best to be done in order to preserve a good number of birds for the last few shoots of the season.

Both underkeepers expressed sympathetic agreement, the younger of the two being not much more than a boy, contenting himself with a grunt, and an expression on his face that was intended to signify all the determination he could not give words to. The other man took up the case vehemently. "It be somebody as do know these woods as well as I do m'self," he said, "and they do seem to know when 'tis safe and when 'tis unsafe to come otchlin' round," he commented.

Then, as if founding a plan on this theory, he went on: "If we want to catch 'em our best way will be to keep an eye on the footways and the road from Woodley End, as I believe them there fellers knows something about it."

Woodley End, the next village, had for some reason earned a bad name. Whenever a dog was poisoned, or a hen roost robbed, or pheasants poached, within five miles of its boundaries, it received all the credit. And so it was given the benefit of the doubt about Sir William's pheasants.

The keepers separated for the day, for tea time was approaching, and a heavy wet drizzle of sleet had begun to fall, following a morning of cold and drenching rain. Evidently it was going to be a bad night. Nevertheless, they were each to patrol a certain portion of the woods later that night, in case the enemy should be up and doing again.

Sturdy turned home, half inclined to let the other two men do the catching; and more than half inclined, after stretching his legs before a roaring wood fire at his cottage, and a good meal of home-made cakes and scalding tea. As he sat there, smoking, in his shirt sleeves, the moisture coming off his boots in steaming clouds, he found it hard to decide, especially as the spitting of the sleet in the fire increased rapidly as it came pattering through the great hollow chimney-stack accompanied by a reverberating roar of rising wind. Nevertheless he decided to go out that evening, for Sir William was already disappointed with results of the first three shoots, and a fourth disappointment might mean a month's notice for Sturdy.

As for the younger of the underkeepers, he went home, chatted with his mother over a hearty tea, chopped some wood, and then sat down to smoke and await the hour of nine when he would turn out again. "It be terr'ble rough," was all he said in the course of the last hour's wait.

"Twice he stumbled on rotten roots of old trees, and, with a curse, scrambled up."

As for Walter, the senior underkeeper, he had a more interesting occupation. In a certain little cottage over in the village of Woodley End, which he had so heartily condemned at the conference with his superior, there lived a fine country girl with whom he had a complete understanding. She was a practical lass, however, and had plainly refused to have the knot tied in the parish church until Walter could show her his bank-book with a £40 balance to his credit.

For three years, now, Walter had been adding to this balance every week, and it was rapidly approaching the minimum sum on which Winifred Thurgood would consent to face life with him. Secretly she had often wondered how he was able to save as much as 10s. a week—for he showed her the book each week—out of his 16s. wages. Still, it gave her a thrill of pride that he should be willing to do without numbers of things just for her sake.

It seemed to Walter, however, that he was after all going to be beaten, as it were, on the post. He had heard terrible rumours that Winnie had shown something like partiality for a rival, an inhabitant of her own village, and a man according to Walter, "no good for nothin'."

This man, however, had the advantage of being on the spot, and Walter's spirits sank as he contemplated the bank-book which still wanted another £10 to make up Winnie's minimum for marriage.

However, he was not going to be beaten without a struggle, and as he left Winnie's cottage that evening, just before nine o'clock, he resolved many things in his mind.

* * *

Every leaf, every blade of grass, was saturated, dripping, and chilly cold, as Sturdy emerged from his cottage. The youngest keeper was also finding it difficult to keep warm as he turned out. It had been arranged that at a certain whistle from Sturdy, the youngest man was to know that there were poachers about, and that he should at once join Sturdy, while Walter was to make a vague sort of flank movement to cut off—if he knew which way the fugitives went—the chances of retreat and escape.

At his post in the corner of a covert, close to a long grass ride through the wood, the young man heard the signal. Gripping his stick and keeping his eyes very wide open and his ears alert, he was soon alongside old Sturdy, and felt a great deal more comfortable and bold therefor.

Sturdy had heard a noise in the covert. It couldn't be Walter, he said, for Walter's beat that night was a mile and a half in the other direction. It must be "some of them Woodley End blackguards, as Walter had told 'em about."

Together they forged ahead into this dense and drenching covert. Sturdy never brought dog or gun on these occasions, "for fear of accident." Every now and then the

halted and listened. Yes, a distinct crackling of twigs and swishing of boughs could be heard in the distance; and they pushed on with all speed. Nearer and nearer they got to the noise.

The next moment there was a great commotion only just ahead of them, so near indeed, that they might almost make out the form of the poacher.

"Now we'll 'ave the devil," roared Sturdy, in his intense excitement throwing caution to the winds and blundering on into the wood, with the young man at his side. "Come on," he yelled in a hoarse anger, thirsting to get a grip of the ruffian's collar and to lead him in triumph to the police-man's cottage.

All was, indeed, intense excitement. Suddenly disturbed, the poacher, whoever he was, had determined not to be caught. Helter skelter he went, bounding forward through the trees and undergrowth. Again and again he lashed his face with the twigs that swung sharply back upon him. From every branch there fell drenching drops. Twice he stumbled on rotten roots of old trees, and with a curse scrambled up. Once he lost hold of the sack, heavy with stolen game, that he had determined to take away at any cost, It meant more to him then than game ever meant to a poacher.

* * *

It was just about bedtime, and Walter's mother was already in her room. The little window under the thatch had a candle in it. The old woman was folding up her shawl when she caught sounds of someone hurrying up the path; and opening the window, she beheld her son. For the first time in her life she saw him in a hurry.

"Gracious goodness, Wally, what be yer a-scurryin' so for?" she asked.

Walter gave no direct reply.

"Here, Mother," he said, "put this under my bed and get to sleep as soon as ye can. And don't ask no ques-tions," he added, "for we're busy to-night."

Then, hurling a heavy but soft-feeling sack-load of some-thing up the narrow cottage stairs, he was gone again.

Muttering to herself, his mother did as she was told, and, placing the sack under her son's bed, she was soon fast asleep, quite ready, if "anything happened" next morning, to say she knew nothing about the night's incident. Like most country bodies she knew how to keep silent when she thought it advisable.

By the time she was in bed Walter was already a mile away. Making a wide detour in order to avoid the possi-bility of meeting the village policeman or any late reveller who might possibly be able to identify him, he at length found himself somewhere about half-a-mile in the rear of the position old Sturdy had taken up when first he heard the sounds in the wood.

Slowly he drew near this spot, now and again gently blowing his whistle to let Sturdy and the youngster know that he was following up.

After walking round about the drives for some minutes he ran right into Sturdy and his companion, slowly return-ing, disconsolate, soaking wet, and out of breath, from the direction Walter himself had lately taken.

"Any luck?" was his greeting. "I heer'd your whistle," as I thought, and came on at ye, thinkin' I might be useful. There weren't nothing stirring any way."

Recovering some of his breath, old Sturdy cursed the poacher right and left and up and down for a "sneakin', snarlin', cheat of a blackguard." And then, as clearly as he could recounted the exciting chase, and told Walter how just as they thought they had "the varmint" he was up and away like a fox from the hounds, and they lost sight and sound of him soon afterwards.

And home they all went.

* * *

Two days later nobody but Walter saw an unimposing little pony and cart stop near his cottage. Nor did they see a sack thrown carelessly into the tail of the cart. Neither did they notice something that shone pass, after a brief con-versation, from the driver of the cart to Walter.

Anyway it was not twenty-four hours later that Walter, his bank-book showing full forty pounds and a few shillings over, went in triumph to Winnie's cottage and claimed her. She was quite ready for him.

The banns were put up the next Sunday, and within a month there was a village wedding at Woodley End, when Winifred Thurgood married Sir William's underkeeper Walter—a fine, strapping young fellow with good prospects. Only a few noticed that in Walter's hat was stuck a bril-liant feather from a cock pheasant, but Walter alone knew its full significance. He never told Winnie the story of how at the last he won her.

SHATTERED LOVE DREAMS.

Runaway Matches that have been Nipped in the Bud.

Elopement is not always an easy game, but is often attended by vicissitude.

If this was not so it is easy to imagine that a couple who attempted it recently would now be as happy as turtle doves bound for a foreign clime. As it is, they are still this side of the herring pond, due entirely to relatives of the girl turning up just as the liner was on the point of sailing.

Hurled Down a Ravine.

Very likely the young man thinks he has lost a jewel, but even if he has he can reckon himself luckier than an Italian goat-herder, for a runaway love match cost him his life not long since.

He had eloped with his sweetheart because the girl's parents refused to sanction the betrothal on account of their unequal social status, and later he was barbarously murdered.

The youthful couple were traced to Naples, and arrested by the police. The girl was handed over to her parents, while the goat-herder was committed to prison, from which he was released through the intercession of influential friends.

The girl's father was surprised to see him tending his goats in the vicinity of his (the father's) house, and it is said let a couple of ferocious mastiffs loose upon the lad.

He then called upon his five sons to beat him till he was unconscious, and threw his body down a ravine. The hap-less goat-herder expired while being conveyed to the hospital.

Banker's Chase after Daughter.

Lord Jersey, one of our most popular peers, derives part of his wealth from Child's Bank as the outcome of a lover's flight.

The last representative of the Child family had an only daughter and heiress, who ran away with Lord Westmor-land to Gretna Green.

Mr. Child started in pursuit, and would have caught them if Lord Westmorland had not shot one of his horses.

In revenge the banker passed over his daughter and son-in-law when he came to make his will, and settled all his property on their daughter, who married the fifth Earl of Jersey, and became the ancestress of the present peer.

Sequel to Pretty Girl's Fib.

The shattered love dream of a fifteen-year-old girl named Lena Atkins makes interesting reading.

She eloped from her home in San Diego a few months ago, and a "feeler" which she sent to her parents in the shape of a marriage announcement and a request for for-giveness and blessings had an unexpected sequel.

Although she signed herself as being a "Mrs." she went back home plain "Miss."

Pretty Lena wanted to get married, but she didn't dare until she had tested the feeling of the family in the matter. She thought this could best be done from a safe distance; so, with her prospective husband, a sailor, she went away.

Here she told her sailor-boy that he would have to take her to his home, and she would write to her mother, tell her they had been married, and then if forgiveness was extended she would wend her way to a clergyman with him, and get the knot tied.

The Face at the Window.

The sailor-boy took her to relatives, and she wrote the letter requesting that the forgiveness be sent to her at the Post Office.

Lena's mother got the letter, and Lena's step-father was sent post-haste to overtake the young girl and return home with her, married or unmarried. Her parents did not anticipate, however, that they would find her single.

The step-father hurried to the Post Office window and waited for the girl to call for the answer. She came and disconcerted by the appearance of the step-father, blurted out "I ain't married; I'm only foolin', boo-hoo."

THE INIQUITIES OF SHOP LIFE.

SEE PAGE 959.

CYCLE CAMPING: HOW TO ENJOY A FINE HOLIDAY ON THE CHEAP.

Cycle touring as a means of spending the summer vacation appeals to many, but how many combine a camping tour with it? Yet it is remarkable how cheap and easily it can be done, for after the initial outlay on the hire or purchase of the camping outfit there is little expense except for provisions.

If two or three "kindred spirits" club together the cost per head is considerably diminished, and also the weight each man will have to carry will be proportionately less.

Well Away from Civilisation.

The most important item is the tent itself. Either the canoe or cottage tent is the most useful.

The weight varies from four and a half to six or seven pounds, and both can be rolled into suitable dimensions for carrying on a bicycle. The approximate cost of a tent to sleep three persons, and including the necessary camping requisites, such as pegs, slides, waterproof sheets, small stove, enamel "crocks," etc., will be about five pounds, varying according to the size and quality of the tent. On no account have a tent which does not allow for an efficient ventilation.

Before leaving home, always set up the tent once or twice in order to see that the canvas is properly adjusted to the framework. When choosing a site for the night's rest, several things have to be considered.

Get well away from civilisation, if possible, or at least away from a country road, for "yokels" are early astir with their noisy carts.

Pitch near a stream, if possible, to ensure water for washing (yet this must be filtered for drinking or cooking purposes), but sufficiently high to be out of the way of all rising mists.

If the night is sultry, pitch in the open, but if it is inclined to be windy it is best to seek a corner of the field where the hedges offer some protection. Under no circumstances pitch under trees, for the insects will be a terrible nuisance, and if it should rain, the continual dripping will keep you awake.

If it should show signs of rain it is a good plan to slacken all the ropes, then, when these tighten owing to the action of the wet, they will not drag the pegs out of the ground and so cause the tent to collapse.

Pitch always on a level spot, but if the ground should slope, always sleep with your head higher than your feet —then there will be no tendency to roll on to your neighbour.

Shirt Useful as Pillow.

A most comfortable bed can be made by placing a quantity of grass or straw under a waterproof sheet. Some campers often go to the trouble of hollowing out the ground where the hips will come, for this considerably adds to one's comfort. For a pillow an undervest or shirt rolled into a tight ball serves admirably, or a small one can be purchased for a shilling.

Always sleep in woollen clothes, and have them as loose as possible. It is also advisable, if possible, to have a change of ordinary clothes in case of a sudden downpour of rain.

An Excuse for the Cook.

As the tent will not be pitched in the same position two nights in succession, it is not advisable to lay in a stock of provisions. The mid-day meal can be obtained at any village, and supplies for the evening and morning repasts can be obtained just before the camping ground is reached.

Finally, although at the end of a hard day's ride you are willing to eat almost anything, it is always advisable that one at least of the party should know how to cook ordinary dishes. The cook should be excused from helping to pitch the tent in order that he can prepare the supper and have it ready when everything is finished. For carrying the goods and chattels, the ordinary carriers used by butchers' boys are the best.

L. A. R.

CURIOUS FINDS: SOME NOTABLE INSTANCES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Curious finds seem to have become quite common, but, as is always the case, some discoverers are luckier than others.

It will be remembered that while sawing through a ninety-year-old tree, felled on the Lowther estate at Penrith, not very long since, some workmen found their tool turned by a large round stone, 26lbs. in weight and a couple of iron horse shoes embedded in the heart of the trunk eight feet above the surface roots.

It is thought that the tree must have commenced to grow round them about seventy years ago.

Ants Reveal a Fortune.

Two Hanover labourers, were, however, about this time, much more fortunate than the Penrithians, for while out for a stroll they accidently discovered buried at the foot of a tree £7,500 in notes, and a bag containing silver and plated goods.

The discovery was due to the two men stopping a moment to watch the movements of some ants. They were kicking up the earth at the foot of a rotten tree in order to see the insects hastily collect their scattered eggs, when their boots struck a piece of iron.

Clearing away the leaf mould, the treasure box was fondly handled. The booty is thought to have been hidden in the ground by a cave-dwelling thief.

Money in a Coffin.

A miser named Anglade, who died in Pau a few months ago, carried part of his fortune with him into the grave, and hid the balance to prevent anyone else using the money.

He steadily refused to give his relatives any information about his possessions, and after his death his wife made a systematic search of the house, with the result that considerably over a £1,000 was found in gold and bank-notes, secreted in out-of-the-way places.

Later the old man's grave was opened and opportunity was taken to search a bamboo cane which, according to Anglade's dying wish, was buried with him. Each section of the cane was found to contain notes and gold wrapped in cotton-wool.

Haul from Secret Drawers.

News of the finding of another dead man's hoard comes from America. Cash and notes, found hidden in secret table drawers, and beneath false desk tops have been inventoried and valued at nearly £13,000.

The gold coins which James T. Burge, the deceased, had hoarded for years, filled a common sized water bucket.

Before his death Burge left the house and lot where he had lived for thirty years to the twelve-year-old son of a neighbour, who had nursed him during his last illness.

Diamonds in a Shoe.

Here are a couple more curious finds. A lady one afternoon reported to the police that a shoe sent by her to a repairing shop was returned without £1,000 worth of diamonds she had hid in the toe.

A detective visited the lady and after examining the old shoe found the diamonds tucked away in the toe of a slipper.

Rewarded with a Suit.

A man who said he was in the United States Navy applied at the surrogate's office in Jersey City a short time ago, for permission to look at the record of a will admitted to probate about twenty years ago.

A book containing the will was handed to him, and, apparently getting what he wanted, he departed. Later he returned to the offices and asked if anybody had found a wallet containing nearly £200 and some valuable papers. One of the clerks got out the will record and found the wallet on the page the visitor had been reading. The clerk's reward for his discovery was a new suit of clothes.

Rings Bring Bad Luck.

Declaring that four rings valued at £150 had brought her nothing but bad luck since she found them, the other day a woman returned them to their owner and begged her to take the curse off her (the finder's) family.

The lady, who lost the rings twelve months ago, offered a reward for them, but with no result.

The finder of the gems said that on the day of the discovery her son was taken ill and had been confined to his bed ever since. Then more misfortunes came upon the family, which was followed by monetary loss.

THE PEACEMAKER:

STORY OF AN OLD FRIEND'S DARING AND CONQUEST.

"What I sez, sir, is quite true, I assure ye, 'cos I saw 'em myself. There 'ave bin times when me eyes 'ave played tricks with me, but not this time, sir—not this time."

It was blunt old John Gowerby talking—talking to his master, Sir Ewart Ingelby, in the south drive leading to Ingelby Towers, Fairsham, and, as he did so, he poised the broom with which he had been clearing away fallen leaves from the over-hanging trees, much after the fashion that a soldier holds a rifle when standing at attention.

A dark frown settled on Sir Ewart's bronzed face and his gait as he continued his journey to the Towers indicated acute irritation. Had he stumbled on the terrace steps and determined in a spirit of revenge to stamp upon them, he could not have encountered them more fiercely than now, and meeting a servant as he entered the capacious hall he flashed the message "Tell Miss Muriel I wish to see her," and passed into the study, banging the door behind him.

Sir Ewart crossed his beautifully furnished sanctum, and stood at a large bow window which looked out upon a wide stretch of lawn, backed by a rippling stream and arboretum, now being fondled by a brilliant sun. But the panoramic spectacle had no charm for him at this particular moment. His entire thoughts were centred upon a girl—his daughter Muriel.

"Were, after all, his cherished hopes to be rudely shattered?" he muttered to himself. "D—— it, no. They should not be. His only child should marry as he liked."

The harsh soliloquy was broken by a gentle tap at the door and looking round Sir Ewart was face to face with the subject of his rumination.

Nature had dealt generously with Muriel Ingelby and the villagers of Fairsham were quite right in voting her "about as lovely a lass as could be."

A pretty round face, crowned with a wealth of golden hair, was companioned by a figure which clearly showed that physical culture had not been neglected by Muriel, who had reached her twenty-second year.

As she now halted near the study door there could be no doubt that she was possessed of wonderful power of body and mind. The large blue eyes were soft and tender, but there was something in her father's tone when he told her to be seated which made the luminous orbs flash.

She guessed the coming conversation would concern the man she loved, adored, and would love and adore till her dying day though he was on a much lower social plane. She was willing, she told herself, to suffer the pangs of hunger, if need be, rather than cease to think that of all men in the world Harold Barclay was the one with whom she would be sublimely happy.

This, however, was not a time for silent worship of her gallant, but rather a time when in justice to herself she should let her father see that before the power of love social position insignificantly paled.

At any other time Sir Ewart's cutting words would have brought a flood of tears to her eyes, but not now.

"You are mad, girl—mad!" Sir Ewart almost shrieked. "Love in a cottage sounds well in a song, but in the case of a girl such as you who have been lapped in luxury the idea is preposterous." Here he stamped his feet viciously, twirled his moustache, and continued. "As you know, it is not the first time I have spoken about this so-called lover of yours. The last time I dealt leniently with you. There is Lord Mergow——"

It was Muriel's turn to break in now. "Father," she said, "I wish you would not mention that name to me. I know, as you have told me, Lord Mergow is the head of a noble house in the country and that he wants me to marry him. I know there are many girls who would be glad to swear allegiance to him at the altar for the sake of ——. But——"

"But what?" questioned Sir Ewart in a biting tone.

"That is not my concern" responded Muriel, promptly. "My love has been given to another—a man whom you have said you loathe and will not see, simply because he did not happen to be born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth." Then it was she added: "I do not love Lord Mergow and will never marry him."

Threatening her with what would happen if she persisted in disobeying his wishes Sir Ewart ordered his daughter to leave the room.

Three days later Muriel was missing from her parental roof and enquiry elicited the information that Harold Barclay had also suddenly taken his departure.

With as many of her personal belongings as she could manage to squeeze into a handbag, the baronet's daughter met her lover in a town some miles from Fairsham, were made man and wife, and following their well-conceived plan of romance set out later the same day to meet as one the varying currents of the river of life.

But previous to leaving for the northern city where Harold hoped to secure a position in his own line of business and make a home, letters were despatched, one to Sir Ewart, the other to the young husband's people informing them of what had occurred; and Sir Ewart when he received his message determined from that day to disown his offspring. * * *

Twelve months wing themselves away. In one of a respectable looking row of suburban houses the owner has as tenant Harold Barclay, whom he knows to be a grocer's assistant in the city. Since that day when the decisive step was taken to leave the Fairsham district Muriel and her husband had never any cause to regret their action.

Their home was small, but in it true love dwelt; and the last three weeks had witnessed the arrival of a blue-eyed bouncing little fellow.

The Barclays were not without friends. As a matter of fact they had many, but only one, or rather two, need be mentioned.

An old acquaintance of the Ingelbys, Lady Ella Standring had met Muriel quite accidently one day and her friendship for the girl, who had forsaken the mansion for the cottage, had lost none of its sincerity, for Lady Ella had a reputation for her goodness of heart.

Now it so happened that she too had borne a son about the same time as Muriel and with the consent of her husband, Sir Ralph Standring, arranged that both children should be christened at the same time and place, but more than Muriel or Harold ever dreamed of underlay that arrangement. It was quite early when Sir Ewart Ingelby emerged from the Towers and entered his powerful Daimler motor for a long journey in the country to fulfil a promise. Since Muriel's departure from home many times he had found himself trying to reason whether, after all, he had not expected too much and had been too severe, but every time the proud and haughty spirit conquered.

Two o'clock still found the chauffeur at the wheel of the motor. A slight breakdown had occasioned a delay, but it had only just turned the half-hour when the car was drawn up at the entrance to a little church.

From it, standing out like a fortress, could be seen "The Hollies," the palatial residence of Sir Ralph and Lady Standring. Stepping lightly up the gravelled pathway, Sir Ewart had opened and entered the door of the church. But there he halted, for the sight presented sent him staggering as though he had received a severe blow. For there, sitting in a pew with the Standrings, were Muriel and her husband.

When Muriel saw her father she fainted, while Harold was pale and speechless. Lady Ella, however, did not lose her head, neither did Sir Ralph.

When he had recovered from the shock, Sir Ewart looked like beating a hasty retreat from the building, but did not do so. Instead, he demanded from Lady Ella an explanation of her conduct in asking him to stand as godfather to her son and then, when he attended, to find his disowned daughter and her husband present. Lady Ella was quick to respond. She told how she had met Muriel accidently and how she had been fired with a desire to bring about a reconciliation.

By this time Muriel had been brought round and Sir Ewart's arms were encircling her neck. A little later taking Harold's right hand in his, he placed it in his wife's, endowed them with his well wishes, and, turning to Lady Ella, smilingly said: "You are indeed a clever woman; a clever peacemaker."

The christenings were then performed by the waiting minister, who had previously been let into the secret by Lady Ella. Young Barclay received two Christian names, Ewart and Wilfred, the latter, of course, being symbolical of boldness and peace.

Helped into business for himself, Harold is now a wealthy captain of industry. Further, he is an ardent politician which should bring him a knighthood at least, if not elevation to the peerage.

E.A.P.

SWINDLES.

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS.

By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

19.—THE POP-SHOP IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men or women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.—EDITOR.]

When money is minted but of some easy, simple, obvious sort of thing, such as the screw stopper, the pneumatic tyre, or barbed wire, people are prone to wonder why it "wasn't thought of before." Just so with some of the simplest and most original of my swindles—why didn't somebody "think of them before"?

Just because nobody was "fly" enough to think of them. Everybody and anybody can be wise after the event; the smartness and the credit are in being first in the field. Take, for instance, the swindle I propose to tell you of this week. In theory, it was simplicity itself; in practice, it was easily worked; in result, it was lucrative. The real credit was in thinking of it first.

Bridge Provides a Capital.

As with most swindles now-a-days, a jumping-off place was necessary for its execution. This was easily secured. A very nice little furnished house in George Street, Portman Square—an excellent address—was advertised in the "Morning Post" to be let for the season on a weekly or monthly tenancy. I forget whether I took it on the former or the latter, although I knew I should only want it for a few days after getting fairly into my stride. Either way, I took it. It cost me nothing.

I started on a real, tangible, available capital of two hundred pounds, won at bridge. I didn't rise that much to the good owing to superior knowledge or better play, but merely because of circumstances over which the other players had no control. I took a hand in the game with the advantage of having nothing to lose, and was satisfied with what I made. I wasn't actually detected, but at the same time some low-minded suspicions were not only aroused but expressed, and I thought it safer to cut card-sharping altogether for a while. I didn't mind what new line of enterprise I went in for as long as it was dishonest, and before long I hit on something.

My idea was to go in for pawnbroking on a "new and original" basis of operations. At first I had some thought of legally qualifying myself for a place in the ranks of the three brass balls fraternity by taking out a license; but when I saw what this would cost, I decided to do without one, and to run the extra risk that this economy involved.

A Highly Coloured Circular.

I made all my preliminary arrangements even before I took possession of my new residence. In the first place, I had no difficulty in compiling a fine, full list of likely and suitable clients, or victims—it was the same thing. Then I composed, printed, and posted my circulars. I don't seem to have a copy left, but I have just come across the original draft of it. I doubt if I altered the phraseology by a single word, for the thing seems to me to be perfect as it stands. Its peculiarity of manner, as well as of matter, is arresting and alluring.

> "Mr. Sebastian Fayre invites attention to the fact that he has initiated and organised an entirely new and completely private system of advancing money against the deposition of pledges. In other words, Mr. Fayre is a Licensed Pawnbroker; but he displays no three brass balls, and keeps no shop, no office, no clerk, no assistant. He receives his visitors, transacts all his business at his private residence, No. —, George Street, Portman Square, W., at which calls can be made, cars and carriages halted, without the creation of a scintilla of suspicion. Ladies and all clients of sensitive disposition will, and do, appreciate the opportunity that is now offered to them of availing themselves of the instant facilities and resources of a money-advancing establishment that betrays no indication of its nature and purposes."

A small supply of tickets and contract notes completed my equipment; and, thus ready, I moved in. I ought to explain that in addition to the posted circulars I had had a lot judiciously distributed by other means.

Now, as I was actually going to part with money against articles to be pledged, it can't be obvious, and I don't think it is apparent, where and how I was going to score. That's exactly where the refinement of the swindle comes in. As in the case of my Life Assurance Policy swindle, a few representative examples of how I worked the thing must serve for all the rest, for I pulled off too many transactions to enumerate the lot.

No Doubt About Success.

I never had a moment's doubt about it that the pawnbrokering-in-a-private-house enticement would draw plenty of customers, because an appeal to human vanity is almost as much a "cert" as an appeal to human cupidity; and the horror of being seen in the shadow of the three truth-revealing globes is clearly attributable to the vanity of the impecunious in being so solicitous to conceal their impecuniosity.

Case number one was that of an elderly tradesman from the country. I summed him up at a glance, but wondered how he came to have had one of my circulars, until I recollected that I had listed a number of the names of country patrons of the Charing Cross "Bank." He had, I judged, come up to town for a May meeting, and been taken somewhere else—but he'd escaped from her without losing his watch and chain, both of gold, after losing his money.

As per orders, "my maid" (left behind with the furniture) had shown him straight into the drawing-room, without any inquiry as to his name or business. The former didn't matter; the nature of the latter was taken for granted on both sides.

No Money to Get Home.

He detached the watch from the chain and asked for an advance of a couple of sovereigns on it, "to get back with." He quite unnecessarily explained that he had come up on an excursion ticket and lost the last train by which the return half was available.

Now, when I say that the watch was worth eight pounds, I mean that it was worth eight pounds to me. I knew where I could get that for it, at once, to say nothing of the fact that my experience enabled me to appraise its pawnable value at certainly six pounds, if not more. The man asked for only two pounds, simply because he only wanted two pounds. I filled in the ticket, and handed it to him with the money.

"I am altogether unaccustomed to this sort of thing," he remarked, as he slipped the gold into one pocket and the pasteboard into another, "but I suppose that on my sending you the amount of this loan . . ."

"With interest for one month," I interjected. "See back of ticket."

"With interest; thank you. May I understand that on receipt of the full amount due, you will return my watch?"

"Certainly," I assured him politely; and on the morning of the day after the morrow up came his "full amount," with, of course, his ticket. I kept him quiet and unsuspicious for a day or two—I shouldn't want longer—by writing to him for another sixpence, the usual fee, I told him, for packing and registering.

A Blaze of Good Luck.

In the meantime I had done well, and during the very brief remaining period of my meteoric career as a bogus pawnbroker, I did better still. That career burst up in a blaze of good luck—I was going to say glory, for I certainly made a glorious finish of it. Before that end came I had laid out almost every penny of my capital of two hundred, but in exchange for it I had scraped into my possession sundry portable valuables worth fully eight hundred; worth to me eight hundred, mind, in the sense that I have already defined. Where I couldn't get my own way I declined to do business at all.

This "own way" of mine was simply to induce pledgers to accept what I offered them. Naturally, the smallness of my advances choked off those callers who wanted a maximum and knew what that maximum ought to be; but I had several replicas of my country tradesman's case, in so far as this, that only a trifling sum for some pressing, but passing emergency was even asked for. From beginning to end my clients were "few though fit."

Titled Lady and her Jewels.

The "fittest," up to and excepting the last of all, was a married young lady of title, who popped her jewels with me to pay a gambling bet. She had her ticket made out to Jane Brown, but I happened to know who she was and all about her. I let her have a hundred and ten pounds

...ough would have made it three hundred, but as ... I had trapped her into letting out how much she ... Besides how she came to owe it, I knew that what ... would take readily enough.

And now for the last of my ... Returning from ... at about three o'clock of my last ... at the George Street "Pop-shop in a Drawing-room," I found him waiting for me.

His looks, manner, and dress gave him away at sight as a "gentleman—gentleman," even though his extreme nervousness was in marked contrast with the calm, not to say cold-blooded self-possession that is one of the badges of the typical valet. I noted his extreme nervousness with interest, for I thought there might be something in it, and a good deal to be made out of it, or rather out of what might be the cause of it. I had employed a special agent—an ex-footman just out of prison—to spread the tip among servants of the wealthy that I had opened a pawnshop in a private house, my hope being that some of them would understand that I should ask no awkward questions if they chose to steal things and bring them to me. Was that what this pale, ill-at-ease young man had done? If so, he was a raw hand at purloining "what wasn't his'n," or he would have been, at all events, less obviously perturbed. As my thoughts fell into this groove, my hopes grew. If this was a first deal on the crook, it was up to me to take advantage of the circumstances.

The Gold Plate in a Bag.

He rose at my entrance.

"I have been sent to you by my master," he began, "whose name I am not to divulge."

"Quite so. He wants a loan, I presume. What have you brought?"

He responded to my question by asking another.

"Your license empowers you to deal in plate, sir?"

"To any extent."

He lifted a heavy bag from the floor on to the seat of a chair and proceeded to place on the table some massive pieces of gold plate, and a complete dessert set of solid silver. Standing close to me as I examined the costly articles, I smelt the drink in his breath. Probably I smelt much the same myself, or I should have noticed it ... Reflecting that it would be advisable to load him ... a little more, I took him through the folding doors ... the room behind, where we settled our negotiations ... brandy-and-soda. The valet thought I was drinking deeply as he was, but I wasn't.

... short my recital of those negotiations, I played ... adroitly as ever angler played a trout. Tacit ad... which he did not see the point, bare-faced ... which he tried to cover up, eloquent hesita... and tell-tale embarrassments, all convinced me that ... jumped to a correct conclusion—the articles that ... up the table in the other room were all stolen goods, ... their thief was my waiting customer, now eager to close ...

Policeman on Point Duty.

... nearly four o'clock. He wouldn't be in time to ... bank with my cheque. It wouldn't have mattered ... had been in time. He daren't do anything—and he ... use a cheque instead of cash.

"I shall give you a hundred pounds," I said calmly. "Fifty each."

"Cash!" he exclaimed thickly. "What do you ...

"Two of you in this, you know," I told him. "You couldn't have got hold of the swag without the knowledge and collusion of the butler. There's a policeman on point duty at the corner—or you can take this open cheque ... cash it for a thing to-morrow morning."

... and when it was handed back to him marked ... there can be no doubt but that he repented ... fully in putting himself in my power. I enjoyed ... on the Continent very much.

Greedy Greenhorn's Purchases.

... pleasant to sum up my gains. In one or two cases ... money was posted to me for the redemption of ... of course I stuck to both, and then sold the tickets. ... safe I had to get melted down for fear the owner had ... red his loss and put the police on its track—but my ... of the proceeds was all clear profit. The profits on ... the other articles averaged out very satisfactorily indeed. ... When I returned to England I used up all my surplus ... kets by filling them in, one or two at a time, with the ... particulars of imaginary loans, and greedy greenhorns ... te a lot of them at bargain figures. I cleared the ... by advertising them.

THE MAN NEXT DOOR.

A Borrowing Fiend and His Antics.

We have, alas! nearly all of us got a man next door—but the man next door to me would take a lot of beating.

He is as full of cranks as it is possible for a man to be, and has room for the ordinary mechanism of a man as well.

He is not an obliging person himself, very much to the contrary—and yet he has no objection to laying himself under obligations to me.

He thinks nothing of sending in early on a Sunday morning for the loan of something or other.

The week before last it was a large earthenware bowl he wanted (this is an annual performance), for his wife to make wine in.

But he never gives me a bottle of this wine, though he always cracks the bowl—indeed, this vessel serves as a perpetual calendar, it's so full of cracks.

Last week he wanted a little flour; his wife forgot to order any. Then half an hour later: "Would I mind lending him my razor strop; he'd mislaid his."

It's very curious, but the same fate overtakes mine. I never see it again.

Then he'll borrow the lawn mower and send it back covered with rust, through leaving it out all night in heavy rain.

He'll ask for the loan of my stable appliances (not that he keeps a horse), as if I had nothing better to do than replace them.

He owes me quite a small fortune in postage stamps and wax matches, and he thinks nothing of begging a few sheets of notepaper, remarking "You use better stationery than I do, and I've got to write to some swell folks, don't you know."

I'm a weak sort of chap, so I give him what he asks for. I wish to goodness he'd move, but the house is his own.

Then he'll come and insinuate that he's got an invitation to a dance, would I lend him my dress suit? (the wretch knows I've got two; the wife gossips I suppose). He's the biggest bore on earth, and very often I really have to lend him things to get rid of him.

There's one peculiarity about him, he never asks for cash, only kind! Somebody suggests he set up housekeeping in a hurry, and having me for a neighbour he's never troubled to make up the deficiencies. He'll take up some hobby or another just to bother me over it. He collected a lot of postage stamps and came in every evening as long as the fad lasted for me to arrange them. They were the poorest lot that a chap ever got hold of, but he talked about their value and promised to leave me the collection when he died.

It was bees one year, and a nice treat I had.

The man next door is impervious to stings, and there isn't an insect with a sting, from a common fly to a hornet, but what torments me devilishly.

They swarmed, however, while he was away, and somebody else got them. I never was so glad in my life.

Then he went in for goats; got two billies! Bought them off a Welshman, and Taffy took him in nicely.

One climbed my roof after reducing my stable to a ruin. (Of course, I was asked to house the brutes.) I had to go up to try and get the creature down, and he butted me rather badly before he agreed to descend.

I blessed that man next door, I can tell you. He purchased a watch dog from an advertisement. He said it would scare the burglars. I don't believe any burglar that ever existed could be as scared as he was when it arrived. He sent it in to me, "to mind" for him. It took a piece out of my trouser leg and had to be appeased with a whole shoulder of mutton!! And the man next door actually laughed as he watched my antics from the safe shelter of his garden wall.

He thinks he's a bit wild, don't you know. Went on the spree the other night, rang me up in the small hours, so that I could let him out of the bathroom window on to his scullery roof. He'd left a back window open, and he grinned and said it would save him a curtain lecture.

I got one, however. I wish some one would rid me of the man next door.

A. M. STEWART.

MY NOTE BOOK.

CONGRATULATORY MESSAGES.

I felt certain that the several important changes made in *Modern Man* would be hailed with great satisfaction. Already I have received from all quarters letters tendering heartiest congratulations and wishing the *M.M.* the rosiest fortune in its new form. An old admirer writes: "The style of the *M.M.* is now excellent, and the front cover very fine. I hope you will continue to give a photograph or two on the front page every week in the future."

Yes, it is my intention to do so, I assure you, and trust you will continue to like it; also the other new features. As I said last week, I want my readers to make *Modern Man* their own paper in the truest sense of the word, and at all times any suggestions will be cordially welcomed.

Further, I shall only be too pleased to reply to any questions of general interest. So do not hesitate to ask them. The more the merrier.

* * *

TO THE EMERALD ISLE.

Mr. Roland H. Benner, of Caherina Cottage, Tralee, would be pleased to correspond with members of the *M.M.* Leagues in Dublin as he intends visiting there soon. Later Mr. Benner is going to Canada to take up farming. I wish him every success.

* * *

OUR ANCIENT GAMES.

"Wonder how many of the vast army of sporting Britons really know anything about the origin of games which provide them with such enjoyment during the summer months?" enquires a Gloucester reader. Then he goes on to wager that there are not five in twenty. But he doesn't stop there. He furnishes some interesting facts which I am pleased to give: "Golf," my correspondent says, "was first played in this country by men of the retinue of James I., who succeeded Queen Elizabeth on the throne of England as well as Scotland, and the first real organisation was the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, which played on the links at Leith from 1744 to 1831, and then at Musselburgh.

"The links of the olden days were arranged as at the present time and the requisites were similar with the exception that instead of the ball being gutta-percha it was a pouch of leather stuffed with feathers.

"Cricket, as we know it, has been developed from an ancient game of which rude pictorial delineations have been handed down from the 12th and 18th centuries. In the 18th century cricket was the subject of wagers, and steps were taken to put a stop to this, but the Court of King's Bench decided in its favour. Wagering continued to increase until the first part of the 19th century, when matches were played for stakes of 500 and 1,000 guineas a side."

* * *

CROQUET AND PALL MALL.

Turning to tennis, the writer describes this as a very old game, it having been known since the 13th century. "Croquet," he continues, "has been traced by some to the old game of 'pele mele' which Samuel Pepys saw the Duke of York playing in St. James's Park in 1661 and which gave its name to the well-known thoroughfare of Pall Mall. Polo is the most ancient game of all; dating back as far as 600 B.C., and is of Persian origin."

* * *

OFF TO THE COLONIES.

The Dundee *Modern Man* Club has recently lost two valuable workers at home by departures for abroad. Mr. Wm. B. Cameron, an ex-president of the club, and Mrs. Proctor have gone to the Colonies, and before leaving they were entertained at a social and dance at the Club Rooms, 37, Nethergate. Members and friends assembled in force to wish both good luck in the land of their choice—a wish which I am delighted to reiterate—and Mrs. Proctor and Mr. Cameron were presented with useful mementoes by Mr. J. L. Anderson and Mr. A. S. Fraser, both prominent club members. Mr. Baillie, the President, presided, and Messrs. Clapperton and Anderson made capable M.C.'s.

Under the partial but beneficial training of the D.M.M.C. Mr. Jas. Milne, a popular member, won the Midland Counties and North of Scotland Amateur Middleweight Boxing Championship.

SCOTSMEN AND THEIR "NIPPIE."

The article which appeared in *Modern Man* recently, headed "A Laugh at the Law," led a reader beyond the Tweed to wonder whether, after all, his native land is the best place under the sun. He writes: "It is very true that the majority of Scotsmen are fond of their 'nippie,' and, being an Aberdonian myself, and therefore Scotch, I confess I am with the majority. At present I am earning my daily bread in the Ancient and Royal Burgh of F——, in the North-East of Scotland, and I am sorry to say 'honey-fidey travellers' do not fare so well in this part of the country as they do in 'Reeve and Upton.'

"One sunny Sunday morning it behoved me to stretch my limbs for an hour or two on the bicycle. Accordingly I set out to visit the Royal Burgh of D——, some fifteen miles distant. All went well for a time, and my thirst was duly quenched at an inn some three miles from my destination.

"On my return journey, although my thirst was [illegible] growing under the influence of a hot sun and dusty roads I did not again trouble the house, which was the means of reviving me earlier in the day, but decided to visit a small thatched house a few miles further on, which I noticed, when outward bound, had a notice board intimating that 'Lemonade is sold here.'

"I resolved to endeavour, by pleasant conversation, to persuade the good lady to give me an oatcake along with the liquid advertised.

"Every second increased my desire for something to drink, and at length I reached the house. I knocked. The door was opened after a delay of a few minutes. 'A fine morning,' I said. 'Can I have a bottle of lemonade, please?'

"'No, indeed,' replied the woman, 'you and your kind won't come to me on week-days, so you winna get anything here on the Sawbath.' 'What is your notice board for?' I replied. Had it been any day but the 'Sawbath' I would have pulled it down.

"The door, however, was banged in my face, and, as you, the key turned inside. It was quite unnecessary to the door, for my appearance was quite respectable, was quite sober, only one bottle of beer having crossed lips that day.

* * *

THE LANDLORD IN CHURCH.

"The next place where refreshment could had was four miles distant, and had the pearance of a fairly prosperous hotel, made up my mind to push myself there fast as I could, and enjoy a good lunch with something to drink. I duly arrived and rung the bell. maid slipped quietly round the side of the house and at me.

"I stated that I wanted lunch and something to drink. She politely informed me that 'they did not do such a thing on Sundays.'

"I said that some bread and cheese would satisfy my immediate wants, and perhaps a glass of water. She still regretted 'they did not do such a thing on Sundays.'

"I asked for the landlord, but he was in church, and in any case she told me he did not encourage people to visit his house on Sundays.

"When I found I could get nothing to eat and drink, my hunger and thirst grew at an enormous rate, and my [illegible] also began to assert itself. I hurried on, and reached a hotel five miles distant from the Ancient and Royal Burgh of F——— where I reside, and there I made my third attempt to get refreshment. I am slightly acquainted with the landlord of this hotel. He answered my ring in person.

"'Good morning, Mr. F——,' I said, 'can I have a bottle of bass, please?'

"'Well, I'm sorry,' he said; 'oh, it's you [illegible] don't encourage Sunday drinking, but what'll you have?'

"'A bottle of Bass, please,' I replied. It was duly [illegible] and duly consumed, but I felt I would like to help him to discourage Sunday drinking still more, so I offered him the money, but politely thanked him, telling him he was very kind, and wished him good morning. He looked surprised, and as if he wished to say something, but I mounted my cycle.

"A flask is very useful, especially in the Highlands on a Sunday."

YOUR EDITOR.

USING THE ROLLER.

HINTS FOR CRICKET CAPTAINS.

The captain of a cricket eleven is not always an individual to be envied, for the result of a match often depends upon his decisions and tactics. Most captains have been in the position of not knowing whether to roll the pitch or not during the interval between the innings. It is an important point, yet so much depends upon circumstances that it is impossible to act always according to rule. However, there should be no doubt sometimes.

Aiding the Batsman.

If the ground is very soft owing to continued rain, the pitch will be terribly cut up after the first innings; bowler and ball will both tear pieces out of the turf. After these have been dried away, it would be to the advantage of the batsmen to have the roller on.

The reason is as follows:—As the ground is much cut up, it will become more difficult to play the drier it becomes, for the ball will do extraordinary things, and the batsmen will have to defend both their persons and wickets. If, however, it remains wet, it will be the batsmen's advantage, for the ball will then "cut through" and be easier to play. The heavy roller, therefore, serves the double purpose of making the pitch flat and wet again. If, however, the ground, although soft, is drying rapidly, and there is a prospect of a hard wicket in the afternoon, only the light roller should be used, for a pitch which is quite dry is just as bad as a bats-man's wicket as one which is quite wet.

In this case the heavy roller might bring up just sufficient moisture to make the wicket slow, and by the time it has dried it will be cut up enough to make it dangerous. The heavy roller ought never to be used on a wicket that is inclined to crumble, for it will only help the crumbling.

Sometimes happens that the wicket is inclined to be caked; it is then important that the other side bat first. A hard wicket is a difficult wicket, but after the first innings, plus a rolling with the light roller, will make it perfect for the second.

Sometimes also it happens that the wicket at the beginning of the day is very difficult, and because the weather is bright and fine, with every prospect of an improved wicket later, you feel inclined in putting the other side in first. If decided, of course, you win the toss. The weather then changes, and the wicket becomes cloudy, and instead of improving, it becomes a little worse.

Preference for Sloggers.

The heaviest roller is the one to use now. The heavier the better; all sit on it if needs be, and roll the pitch thoroughly for ten or fifteen minutes. The result will probably be an easy slow wicket, which will last for about an hour, for unless the sun shines, the ground will not dry quickly, and it is likely that it will remain good for the rest of the match. In any case, send in two "sloggers" first, with orders to hit hard and often.

To sum up, the best wickets for the batsman are those which are either quite dry or quite wet. It is therefore the duty of the captain to either use the heavy roller to keep the pitch wet if it is too saturated to dry hard and fast, or to use the light roller for levelling purposes only, when there is that chance.

L. A. R.

RURAL ROBERT.

AMUSING STORIES ABOUT THE COUNTRY POLICEMAN.

Rural Robert—to give him his due—has some very delicate tasks to perform. In the village everyone knows the "bobby," and his work must be very distasteful when it necessitates the arrest of any of those among whom he lives as one of themselves. As a rule, however, he is not over-gifted from the intellectual standpoint, and many of his "witticisms" will be handed down to posterity.

In a county court recently one of our "Peelers" innocently informed the Sheriff that he had been "five years a 'bobby' and a half, my lord." However, we might excuse him, as he was really of abnormal height, and was familiarly known as "dreep" and "tangle."

Flurried Before the King.

As is well known, the late King Edward generally spent two or three weeks every year at a North of Scotland shooting lodge. The woods, when his Majesty went out shooting, were literally studded with policemen, chiefly "rustics." One morning his Majesty, who had a kindly word for everyone, observed one of our Rural Roberts saluting him. The King greeted the policeman with "Good morning, Constable!" Robert felt flurried—but not so much as did those in the royal company when Robert replied to the Royal salutation with, "Hullo, King!"

Again we find our rural friend distinguishing himself in court. The Sheriff: "Who alleges that this man committed the theft?" "Alleges." Ah, that was a fine word for Robert.

However, he rose to the occasion by informing his lordship, thus: "I am the alligator, my lord."

An Aid to Success.

The other night a few of us met together and were deliberating where we could spend the evening. We were standing on the pavement. Up came the Peeler with: "Look here, you fellows, if a' the folk in the world were to stand on the pavement like you, do you think there would be room for the rest to pass?"

These, then, are a few illustrations of Rural Robert. In many cases, however, were our policemen better educated, they would be less successful as village Peelers, for to the country policeman, though he does not realise it, "ignorance" generally spells "bliss."

ROBERT FORD.

PERSONAL PARS.

SOME HUMOROUS ANECDOTES.

Mr. Justice Bucknill, now in his sixty-eight year, is affectionately known among his colleagues as "Tommy"—a circumstance which, on one occasion, led to a good deal of amusement and embarrassment in Court.

A witness, rejoicing in the name of Tommy, was under examination, and the constant reiteration of the well-known nickname proved so disconcerting to those present that the learned counsel, hoping to settle the matter once for all, turned sharply to Justice Bucknill with the remark, "It's not you, Tommy," and the Court held its breath for five minutes pending the explosion that never came.

Lawyer's Language at Golf.

The Bishop of London is a great lover of all forms of manly sport, and is never tired of praising good healthy games to the people.

Some time ago he was playing golf with a certain lawyer, whose language during the match somewhat shocked the Bishop.

After the game someone asked Dr. Ingram how he liked it. "I am afraid," replied the Bishop, "that my opponent's profession has undermined his sense of duty, for I over and over again heard him ask Heaven to condemn his caddie prematurely for his misdeeds."

Believed to be Dead.

Mr. Rider Haggard tells a good story about the premature publication of an obituary notice of himself.

Hearing that a ballet based on "She" was to be produced in Hungary, he wrote asking for programmes and photographs. A reply came that the manager was shocked at the request, for he had believed the illustrious Herr Author to be dead. Long obituaries had appeared in the Hungarian papers.

Mr. Haggard then wrote and asked that a contradiction might be circulated, but the manager reported that the editors refused to insert it, as they believed it to be an unscrupulous attempt to obtain a free advertisement for the ballet.

"Tim" Healy's Old Hat.

Mr. T. M. Healy, K.C., M.P., is probably the only member of Parliament who ever wore a hat for ten years on end. Following the fight in the House of Commons in 1893, thirteen years after Mr. Healy first entered Parliament, the Mayor and Corporation of Alexandria (Louisiana) cabled to the representative for Co. Louth that, reading that his hat was broken in the melee, they had voted him a new silk hat and hat case out of the public funds, and requested him to cable the size of his head.

They then sent him a new hat, which he undertook to wear as long as he possibly could. Ten years later the whole House of Commons fairly gasped when one fine afternoon Mr. Healy appeared in a new silk hat. He had been so joked about his shabby headgear that, after a decade's constant year, he reluctantly decided to discard the gift, with "many a pang," as he said, "at parting with an old friend."

Rapid Physical Development.

BY OUR
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

An Erect Figure.

The value of an erect figure is incontestable. A stooping figure means that the lungs are never properly expanded, and tend to become weak and flabby.

Further, if the body is not carried in walking and other exercises, the weight and balance are improperly distributed, with the result of headaches, undue fatigue, jar, and strain.

And, of course, an erect figure looks ever so much smarter and more youthful than a bent one.

The following exercise will be found excellent for producing and keeping an erect figure, an arched chest, and for expanding and developing the lungs. Remember that no chest developing exercise is worthy of the name that merely puts on exterior muscle without expanding the lungs.

Stand with heels together, hands hanging by the sides. Stoop down until you can touch the ground with the finger tips, and legs being kept as straight as possible.

Now keeping the arms held straight out in front of the body, return to a standing position, the head being held down between the upper arms.

Let the arms continue their upward movement until they are straight overhead, when the head must be pressed well back.

Then swing the arms backwards and downwards, at the same time thrusting the chest out as far as possible. A deep breath must be taken as the arms commence to rise at the beginning of the movement, and held until they are at the sides again.

Then exhale and repeat, say, eight times.

Imitation Swimming.

Many men only swim when on their holidays, either because they do not care for indoor swimming, or because there are no swimming facilities, outdoor or indoor, where they live.

Swimming at long intervals takes a lot out of one at first, and a man on a short holiday is apt to find that he has just got over his early stiffness and fatigue, and is beginning to enjoy his daily swim when he has to return to work.

Let me advise readers in this predicament to practise imitation swimming for a week or two before taking their holiday.

It is simplicity itself. You just lie face downwards across a chair and go through the motions of the breast and other strokes, afterwards turning on your back and doing the back stroke.

Of course, you miss the resistance of the water, but imitation swimming, properly performed—that is, with plenty of life and energy—will prepare the muscles for the unaccustomed strain that is going to be put on them, and will thus materially decrease the period of stiffness and fatigue when you take to the water in earnest.

Dangers of Tartar.

A frequent cause of general ill-health is tartar, which is a deposit on the teeth of the earthy salts of the saliva. Tartar acts very insidiously. It has little or no effect on the enamel of the teeth, but it causes the gums to recede, thus exposing the more or less unprotected roots of the teeth.

Tartar and an offensive breath go together, while it causes indigestion, blood poisoning, headaches, facial tumours, melancholia, and all manner of ills.

It forms about the necks and sides of the teeth, and varies in colour from black to cream, but is usually of a greenish tinge.

It is due as a rule to neglect of the teeth, but even those who keep their teeth well brushed are liable to suffer from it.

Where slight, hard persistent brushing will generally remove it, but once tartar has got a firm hold, there is only one thing to be done, viz., to see a dentist and to have the tartar removed by a simple and perfectly painless operation.

Many a man who is thoroughly out of sorts without apparent cause is simply suffering from tartar. It is a condition which should on no account be neglected.

Development.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J.D. (Lincoln).—An excellent remedy for bu... ters, minor cuts and abrasions, is collo... be obtained from any chemist). Pai... the affected part it forms a skin wh... ally keeps out germs and dirt. It stin... first, but being a member of the *Modern* ... League, you won't mind that.

C.T.R. (Blackburn).—You misunderstand ... I did not mean that you should ... the moment the muscles begin to a... you should cease as soon as you ... of exhaustion or undue strain.

"GYM" (Rochester).—The pay ... nasium instructor in the Army ... 3s. a day of a sergeant-instru... a day of a quartermaster-sergea...

The would-be gym. sergeant ... the ordinary way, get his sergeant's stripes ... through a special course of instruction.

R.R. (Carlisle).—Complains that he finds physi... cises monotonous. There is always that ... try simple juggling feats, such as balanci... forehead, and tossing a ball over his shoulder, and ... it behind his neck. These are splendid f... lopment, and interesting in themselves.

P.J. (Derby).—Write to the Hon. Sec., the R... Bathing Hospital, Margate.

N.C. (Leyton).—An abscess or gumboil in ... never be poulticed from the outside of the ... likely to burst through the cheek or neck. After ... has subsided, a visit to the dentist is most necessary.

A.C.P. (Edinburgh).—Violent bleeding at the n... often be stopped by plunging the hand and forearm ... cold water for a few minutes, and then holding ... above the head. It is not advisable, however, ... bleeding from the nose unless it is extremely vio... persistent.

"DORMOUSE" (Ealing).—It is generally sup... be better to sleep on the right than on the left side. ... side. As a matter of fact, it is a good plan ... way of sleeping on the right side one night and on ... the next. This will improve the figure.

S.G. (Cheltenham).—Persons who suffer from ... should eschew alcohol and tobacco, and drink plenty of ... milk.

G.H. (Dundee).—Complains that although he ... hours a night he wakes feeling unrefreshed. Pro... latter part of his sleep is the drowziness of a slug... Let him knock off alcohol and tobacco, take plen... door exercise, indoors practise the jumping exercis... given on this page; occasionally, say twice a week, ... "blue pill," followed by a Seidlitz powder in the ... avoid rich foods, and he will soon be all right.

C.M. (Lincoln).—The nasal drill recently given ... columns will soon cure your tendency to snuffle when ... ing.

"LIVING SKELETON" (Lanark).—Some perso... constitutionally thin, and apparently nothing in the ... diet or exercise will induce them to put on flesh. ... after all, excessive thinness may be due to wasting ... an internal growth or tumour, or other ... only as you feel fit and should keep well, do not ... so worry. Try taking a tablespoonful of cod liver oil ... or three times a week, also rubbing the oil in ... —more particularly the trunk, every night. ... as I say, you may be one of the lean kind whom ... make plump.

STRONG WILL-POWER
YOU
tration, Self-Reliance, Purposefulness, ... new interest to Life. Cures Indecision and ... character. Gains for you the sincerest respect of the ... nest. Improves Health and Personal Appearance. ... AND BROADENS YOUR OUTLOOK ON LIFE. ... the whole Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is only 2/6. ... IS YOUR TOTAL EXPENDITURE. Course is sent in ... package. ENROL TO-DAY. Next week will see you delighted ... your progress. THE ST. SETTLE INSTITUTE (Dept. M.), PERTH, N.B.

THE INIQUITIES OF SHOP LIFE.

ASSISTANTS AND THEIR MANIFOLD HARDSHIPS.

At periodical intervals so-called revelations appear in weekly and other journals of the sensational order, dealing with the evils of shop life; but little actual good results from articles, for the reason that there is more sensation than real fact in them.

Long Hours and Poor Pay.

I propose to [illegible], in the present article, to indicate as dispassionately as possible the undeniably unfair conditions against which shop assistants in the majority of business have to contend. These, of course, vary with the different trades; but the two chief evils are common to all—long hours and poor pay.

Let us take the drapery trade first of all. In the provinces assistants will work from forty-seven to [illegible] hours a week; and their salaries will range from [illegible]d. to 2d. per hour, showing that their earnings in a week [illegible] from about £2 8s. to 13s. per week. In London the hours [illegible] ranges from 1s. 4d. to 2½d. per hour, and the working week comprises anything from fifty to eighty hours, making the salaries vary between £3 6s. 10d. and [illegible]d. weekly.

Let us bear in mind that the larger figures in both provinces and London represent the emoluments of the [illegible] such as shop walkers and managers—who, however, are in an almost insignificant minority. The [illegible] and file, with whom this article is intended to deal, receive salaries hardly in excess of the lower figures in each case, working hard for some seventy-eight or eighty hours.

A Contract in Wages.

The wages of men grocers in the provinces vary from [illegible]d. to 8¾d. for hours ranging respectively from ninety-two [illegible] hours; and the figures for London are:—Wages, 2¾d. [illegible] hours, 84 to 56.

[illegible] assistants in the provinces are paid any wage [illegible]d. to 8¾d. per hour; and their hours may be any[illegible] to 16 [illegible] In London they are paid from 2½d. [illegible] hours vary from 82 to 70.

There is no useful purpose to give figures for any [illegible]; but it is plain that in the matter of wages the [illegible] assistant's lot is far inferior to that of, say, a [illegible] business house; for though the former may [illegible]—though not often—earn as much in a week, he [illegible] to put in twice as many hours of work to [illegible] may fitly pass on to that crying grievance [illegible] draper's and grocer's assistants—the living-in

Drawback Against Marriage.

This [illegible] men more sharply than women; for it is [illegible] amount to enforced celibacy for ever. The [illegible] assistant in the trades in question must, in [illegible] cases out of a hundred, live the life of a monk—[illegible] in the sense that he must not—cannot—get [illegible].

[illegible] assistants suffer little hardship in this connection [illegible] living-in; for they do so only during their spinster[illegible] When they marry, they retire from business—not [illegible]

[illegible] man has the utmost difficulty in obtaining a [illegible] as a draper's or grocer's assistant. Even if he [illegible]d to support his wife—and possible children—[illegible] separate home on his extremely meagre earnings, the [illegible]yer will pass him over in favour of a bachelor appli[illegible] and, alas! there are thousands—because, with family [illegible]s on his head, a married man naturally cannot give [illegible] to his work as the unattached employee. So [illegible]ically every married man who applies for such [illegible] the fact that he has a wife.

[illegible] the reason why in every town there are scores—[illegible]eeds—of jaded and sickly women, living precari[illegible] in [illegible] dwellings, and feeding sometimes several [illegible] on a weekly remittance of anything from 15s. to [illegible]. a husband who is only seen during his very rare [illegible]ays. [illegible]bours whisper, and shake their heads; and [illegible] ones sometimes conjecture whether Mrs. [illegible]ly has a husband. . . .

The Reference Grievance.

References are another bitter thorn in the shop assistant's flesh. At present an employer is not compelled to give any reference at all; and no employee can get work elsewhere without one. What is most often done is this: The applicant for a job mentions the name of his last employer, and the prospective new master writes direct to him. Possibly the reply contains some statement detrimental to the subject of it. Herein lies the complaint.

Such a document is held to be privileged and confidential; and it cannot be referred to by the employee without an order from the High Court, costing at least £30, on the applicant's sworn belief that some deliberately malicious statement is contained in it.

To say that the cost of obtaining this meagre relief is £30 is simply another way of saying that hardly one shop assistant in a hundred would risk that sum—even if he possessed it. Here in a nutshell is the reference evil.

The Agreement Hardship.

It is the ambition of every shop assistant to become a departmental manager; and while very few attain to this sublime dignity, it is by no means a bed of roses even when at last it is reached. Here the "radius agreement" evil creeps in. This, by the way, chiefly affects the grocery trade.

Firms with a large number of branch establishments ask—which is another way of saying compel—their managers to sign an agreement that they will not, after leaving their present employment, work for any other firm within a radius of two miles for a period varying from three to five years. This means, especially in the case of comparatively small provincial towns, that a man, who may have lived and worked in one place for perhaps ten or fifteen years, will have to sever himself from that place and its associations to seek employment in a place where he may be quite unknown and where he will, metaphorically, have to start his life all over again.

You may interject here that it simply behoves that man to freeze on like grim death to the job he is in; but this is not always possible. That bugbear of the department manager, "short stock," is often enough to make him leave.

Five Points to look at
These five features will show you the cause of the enormous popularity of Pyramid Handkerchiefs—
1. The distinctive patterns. 2. The perfect texture of the fabric. 3. The tasteful colour borders. 4. The remarkably low price. 5. The pleasant use.
And when you've bought
PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS
In ALL-WHITE and Woven FAST COLOURS.
you will prove that they come back from the wash-tub as good as they go.
WE GUARANTEE to give you, through your outfitter, SIX PYRAMIDS FREE for any one you buy that loses colour in the laundry.
6½d. each
Stocked by Outfitters everywhere. If any difficulty write to PYRAMID, Dept. 4/R, 132, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
SEND SIXPENCE to above address for sample handkerchief. Only one to each address.
Every genuine Pyramid Handkerchief bears the Pyramid Label.
PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS
6½D

ONE-MAN DINGHY-SAILING.

An Inexpensive Sport for the Summer.

Boat-sailing undoubtedly figures among the first five most exhilarating sports known to Englishmen; but the pity is that so few struggling men in business can afford—or think they can afford it. True, they cannot afford even the smallest yacht; but I say without fear of denial that no man who can sail a boat should forego his pet recreation; for a one-man open dinghy can be bought outright as cheap as a bicycle.

Advantageous Second-Hand.

Small open boats, capable of being managed by a single man, though, of course, they will accommodate two or more, if companionship is desired, can be purchased, in perfect condition, for as little as £5. Another way of procuring them cheap is to have a boat built for one by a man who builds for professional fishermen. Such a man will build a strong, seaworthy, open boat, fitted complete with mast, sail, centre-board, oars, and rowlocks, for £1 per foot, by which I mean that a 5ft. dinghy will cost £5, and so on. Indeed, by judicious selection, you will not have much difficulty in finding a builder who will make you a good boat for 15s. a foot, so that a 5ft. craft will cost you no more than £3 15s. It is, however, better on the whole to buy your boat second-hand from a man who has actually sailed it; for a new boat is always an unknown quantity, and may be found guilty of different kinds of imperfections when you first go out in her.

Of course, if you prefer it, you will find no lack of such boats to be hired for about 5s. per day; but it is cheaper to have your own; for if you go out several times during the spring and summer, you will, by the end of the season, have paid enough to have bought the boat several times over.

Zinc Air-Tight Compartments.

Previous issues of this paper have contained articles on expense, provisioning, etc., for week-ends and longer holidays, so that I will confine myself to some practical hints on sailing, and matters pertaining thereto.

The most important point is to make your boat unsinkable. This can be done by having her fitted at bow and stern with zinc air-tight compartments. If you have your boat built for you, insist that this should be included in the price of the boat.

Do not handle your open dinghy as you would a yacht. In the latter, the covered-in deck will allow her, when heeled to a squall, to have several planks awash; and this admits of belaying the mainsheet, or, in landsman's language, easing the helm when the sheet is struck by the gust, and losing some of the wind out of it. If this were done in an open boat, her lightness would cause her to lose way, and possibly be swamped. In a dinghy the mainsheet should be held in the helmsman's hand; and he should judiciously slacken or tighten it as he thinks fit.

If you carry ballast (which is not to be recommended), let it be readily movable; but fix it so that it will not slip when heeling the boat.

This is the chief point to observe in short cruises along shore, which is all the wise open-boat sailor will attempt. Now a few hints on fittings will not be out of place.

Best Type of Centre-Board.

The rudder should be easy to ship and unship. The "gudgeons," i.e., the eyes, and the "pintles" (the long hooks which fit into the eyes) should be so fixed that the bottom pintle can be inserted into the lower gudgeon before the action is performed with the top pintle and gudgeon respectively. This allows of the rudder being shipped in two separate motions, a great convenience, especially when the dinghy is afloat; for to do it in one motion in anything like choppy water is so difficult and uncomfortable as to be well-nigh impossible.

For a centre-board, the best type is the "dagger-plate," which can be more readily lifted out than any other kind, and renders easier the removal of the mud and small stones that will invariably work their way under it.

WISDEN'S JUBILEE.

Next year will see the jubilee of Wisden's Cricketers' Almanac, for it was in 1864 that John Wisden, a noted Sussex bowler of those days, and already established some years as a cricket outfitter, issued the first number of the cricketers' "Bible."

This was a modest production of some forty pages, as against the five hundred and more that are now to be had for a "bob."

Despite its long career, the Almanac has had only three editors, namely, the late Mr. Charles F. Pardon, and his brother, Mr. Sydney H. Pardon, who has most ably filled the editorial chair since 1890.

Accuracy is the proud and justifiable boast of "Wisden's," and its special articles are always well worth reading.

THE OLDEST ROSE BUSH.

As far as is known, the oldest rose bush in the world is the one on the cathedral wall at Hildesheim, Germany, and can be traced back with certainty to the eleventh century, when the cathedral records show that it was an item of expense to the caretakers of the ancient edifice. The main trunk of the bush is twenty inches through, and the branches spread over the wall to a height of twenty-five feet.

Though the oldest, this is by no means the largest rose bush in Germany, however. The largest one in the country, and very likely in all Europe, is the one in the Wehrle Garden in Freiburg. This runs up to a height of 140 feet. The stock is wild rose, and the graft, made thirty years ago, a tea rose of the Chromatella variety. There is an enormous Banksia rose at the Castle of Chillon, on Lake Geneva, that is better known to tourists than either of these, though, as a matter of fact, it is exceeded in size by the one of the same variety in the Marine Gardens of Toulon. This one spreads over a space eighty feet by fifteen feet high, and has as many as 5000 of its flowers in bloom at once.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of the paper. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any obligations. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of getting into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the country.

The wearing of the League Badge gives you the privilege of introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms, and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 15s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, and it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Farringdon House, Street, E.C. Please write the word "League" on the top corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League and send me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value .....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, or gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

THE MODERN WOMAN.

LAUNDERING LACES.

Lace is being tremendously worn on all the smartest gowns of this summer—lace frills and jabots and trimmings. Of course, these dainty things soon get soiled, and it is necessary to have them washed. But, if you send them to the laundry, the chances are that they will be torn, scorched, or stiffened so much that they are quite unwearable. The average laundress, though full of excellent intentions, can never be brought to understand that a lace collar, for instance, must not be starched and put through the mangle; she washes it just as she would do a linen shirt, and the result is really painful to behold.

It is well worth the while of every careful woman to master the art of home laundry and learn how to get up her own frills with the expenditure of a very little time and trouble.

CLEANSING OLD LACE.

Valuable old lace, which has grown fragile with age, should be washed in the following way. Take a clean empty bottle, rather a large one is best, so that a good surface of lace can be washed at one time. Wrap up the bottle in a bit of white rag, rolling this round two or three times to make a soft foundation. Roll the lace over this, pinning the end to keep it firm.

Now put the bottle into a pan of hot water and soap, to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. Move the bottle about and press it between your hands. After a few minutes, unroll the lace a little, so that a fresh surface is presented for you to press. Continue doing this at intervals of a minute or so till all the lace is unrolled. Be careful not to drag at the long end, which is hanging loose in the water, for this would tear the mesh. Spread the lace out flat on the table between two thicknesses of clean towel. Thump it with your fists to squeeze out as much water as possible. Let it dry for an hour or so and then press it—still through the towel—with a moderately warm iron.

Thicker and valuable may be ached between hands in the ual way; but, en with these, e should be ken that there is no dragging or rubbing, which would ruin the icate fabric.

STARCHING UNNECESSARY.

Lace never needs starching. If a little stiffness is desired, you may get this by dissolving a piece of lump sugar in the water in which it is rinsed.

Black lace, which has grown dingy and rusty should be soaked in cold tea for about a quarter of an hour, and then washed in the tea and soap, the tea being used instead of water. This will bring up the colour wonderfully, and make the fabric look quite fresh.

LITTLE THINGS THAT MATTER.

Everyone said of her, "Phyllis is such a dear, sweet soul!" "Real good line in girls, is Phil," or "Oh, don't you know Phyllis? I'm sure you'll like her—she is perfectly charming," till I was destroyed with anxiety to meet this wonder, about whom even the most catty woman of our "set" had not a bad word to say.

I did meet her at last, and I'll admit that she was something of a shock. She didn't look at all out of the way; she didn't "talk clever"; she wasn't even smart; she was the kind that you would pass over in any crowd—until you knew her, and then the crowd without her was incomplete and dreary.

The secret of her charm lay in the fact that she was so nice about little things. She would take any amount of trouble in attending to the tiny courtesies which many people forget, and remembering the trivial points which more brilliant folk generally consider to be beneath their notice.

If you met Phyllis on Wednesday, and mentioned to her that one of your friends was not very well, she would remember to ask after his or her health next time she came across you. If you told her that you were going away, you would have a card on the morning of your start to wish you a pleasant journey and a good time. If you took her out anywhere you would get a note afterwards telling you how much she had enjoyed herself, and, if you gave her a present she would always put it in some place where you would see it next time you visited her, so that you might know she was really using and liking it.

All these tiny attentions must have taken her a good deal of thought and care, but the trouble was well worth while, for it gained her a reputation of general niceness, which was likely to outlast one for brilliancy or beauty.

CLEVER BUT CARELESS.

The habit of attention to little things is one which every woman would be wise to cultivate. I knew a woman once who was clever — exceedingly clever — quite out of the usual run — but she never got on particularly well because she was so unpunctual and careless.

UNANSWERED NOTE.

Lack of consideration in little matters is far more damaging than an occasional fit of abruptness or tactlessness. A large offence can be put right, as a rule, by an apology, but these minor details are generally not mentioned. Be considerate in little things, and you will have a host of friends. But save a woman's life or reputation on Monday, and forget to answer her note Tuesday, and you will have another enemy.

Smart Shirts for the Athletic Girl.

THE MODERN WOMAN'S HOME.

When Children Won't Eat.

Children's appetites often fail in hot weather, and the little ones need a good deal of coaxing before they will take a sufficient amount of food. Don't be too much alarmed if a child refuses a single meal; just let him alone, and the chances are that he will feel hungry very soon and take his next meal with a relish.

The Value of Picnics.

But, if there is constant failure of appetite, you must try and find out the cause, for this condition is not one which should be allowed to continue unchecked. Probably a simple tonic is all that is needed, or a slight change in food. It is no bad plan to put the child on a diet of milk, eggs and fruit for a few days, giving him a tonic at the same time. This treatment will generally work a speedy cure.

Children will often enjoy a meal out of doors when they would refuse it indoors. Let them have little picnics in the garden as often as possible. It is particularly wise to give them breakfast out of doors, for the cool of the morning tends to encourage a good appetite. Give only a small helping of each thing, and never force the children to eat, or scold them for their failure to do so. Food which is taken unwillingly is almost sure to give rise to indigestion. So do everything in your power to make meal times a pleasure to the children instead of a burden.

Sending Flowers by Post.

Flowers which are to be sent by post to friends at a distance should always be cut in the evening, when the sun is off them, and put in water over-night, so that they may have a good drink before they start on their journey.

Pack them in a strong box—tin or wood is best—so that they may not be knocked about. Fill the box quite full, so that one bloom may hold another firm. Do not sprinkle water on them, for this would tend to make the petals so soft that they would bruise easily.

A Dainty Muslin Frock for a child aged two years.

A Nice Yoke Frock for a child aged 2-4 years, and a Cool American Dress for elder sister aged 10-12 years.

Never put sweet briar into a box of cut flowers, for it kills all the other blooms. The flowers that travel best are rose buds, stocks, asters, and other things of the kind which have fairly firm heads. Very fragile things, such as sweet peas, large lilies, and the like, generally arrive in such a bruised condition that they are perfectly useless.

Recipes for Cooking Cheese.

Many people have an idea that cheese is hard to digest, but, in most cases, this is a mistake. If it is taken with butter it will seldom disagree, and it is a most valuable article of diet, being both nourishing and stimulating. Here are a few recipes for serving it in various ways:—

Bread and Cheese Pudding makes a nice supper or simple savoury. Take—

½lb. grated cheese,
½lb. bread crumbs,
1 pint milk,
1 egg,
Pepper and salt.

Mix the cheese, crumbs, pepper and salt together, boil the milk and pour it over them. Leave the mixture to get cold and then stir in the egg, after whipping it to a froth. Put all into a deep dish and place small pieces of butter on top. Bake to a good brown in a hot oven. Serve hot, or cut into triangles and serve cold.

Macaroni Cheese may be made in many different ways, but this is quite the nicest of all. Take—

6 pipes of macaroni,
¼ pint milk,
1 tablespoonful flour,
3ozs. grated cheese,
Pepper and salt.

Simmer the macaroni in water till it is quite tender, then strain off the water. Make a thick sauce with the flour, cheese, milk and flavouring. Put the macaroni in a deep dish, pour the sauce over it, sprinkle the top with grated cheese and a few lumps of butter, and put into a quick oven for a quarter of an hour.

MILLING ON THE RETREAT.

A Big Item in the Boxer's Bag of Tricks.

The boxer who is for ever attacking can always be safely predicted a comparatively short winning career. So long as he finds himself matched with slower or weaker persons than himself, he will perhaps find these methods pay, and earn for himself some such truculent title as Cyclone So-and-So, or "One-Punch Somebody-or-Other." But for all that he is but poorly equipped for lasting success. The perfect boxer is one who adds to good aggressive tactics a mastery, when necessary, of the art of defensive boxing, in other words, of "milling on the retreat."

A recent instance of the great importance of this department of boxing was when Digger Stanley managed to last seven rounds, after losing the use of his right in the eighth through, against Jean Poesy, a man who was several stones heavier. Poesy was going all he knew for the "knock-out," but the Digger's consummate boxing on the retreat baulked him of his designs in this direction.

What are the chief requirements for efficient work on the retreat? They are not a few; for any professional will tell you that far more real cleverness is necessary for defensive than for aggressive boxing.

First of all, footwork is vital. When a heavier man is rushing you it behoves you to get away just as fast as, or even faster than, he is advancing towards you. And getting away is an immeasurably more difficult action than coming in. Many men, in getting away quickly, will stumble over their feet deplorably, or else go back with a bang, a disastrous error. The reason is that if you allow both your feet to be off the ground together even for an instant, a good man will seize that precious instant to put a blow that will send you to the boards.

Of perhaps even greater—or, anyhow, of more frequent necessity than actual getting back, is side-stepping. This latter is more valuable, for the very good reason that, whereas in actual retreating you are practically limited to a possible "counter," in side-stepping you will have touchsafed a variety of useful punches. For example, as the man comes on, you may step to the right and get in a straight jab to the jaw, or a swing or jab to the ribs; into most of which you can put far more power, because you have your man at momentary disadvantage, since, for a second or so, he is forced to go sideways on to you.

The Two-handed Pugilist's Forte.

It is especially in milling on the retreat that what is called a two-handed boxer scores. With a deft upward and outward turn of either arm, he fends off the aggressor's blow, and like a flash of lightning, in the very action of springing back or to the side he puts in a punishing hit with the other hand. And here, it may be pointed out, is a reference to the rule that the right should be used for guarding and the left for hitting. In getting away quickly from a more powerful opponent, you will often have to put up a lightning-like guard or "block" with the right. The wrong way to interpret the "guard-with-the-right" rule is that the left should solely be used for leading when you are attacking. The man who makes a straight lead with the right (unless, of course, he is a very quick one-two hitter) is a woefully bad performer, and will soon be spotted and sized up as such by an opponent who knows anything of the game.

Here we may usefully touch on the subject of "points" in relation to retreat-boxing. A great many amateurs are misled by the fact that more points are given to the man who does the most leading, etc. This is all very well; but the real meaning of the rule is that the man scores who does the most leading *and getting home* with his leads. If, however, you can get your man to do all the leading ineffectually, and yourself get away smartly after a succession of punishing jabs, counters, and straights, you will find yourself leading by the length of a street. "Milling on the retreat," as big contests prove time and time again, is a big factor in the winning of a fight.

HE WAS A HOSIER.

One night a countryman in town got lost or somehow missed the last train home, and next morning, wanting a clean collar, he entered a shop and asked for "hosiers' and demanded one.

"Yes, sir. What size neck, sir?" said the shopman.

"Twenty-two inches," was the response.

"I am very sorry, sir, but I am afraid I can't oblige you. I am only a hosier, not a harness-maker" was the reply.

DYSPEPTIC DOGS.

A correspondent asks whether it is true that dogs suffer from dyspepsia? They do, and the most frequent cause thereof is the same as with human beings, viz., bad or carious teeth.

These set up indigestion directly by exuding poisons into the stomach, which interfere with the action of the digestive juices, indirectly because a dog with bad teeth masticates his food imperfectly, and often bolts it to avoid biting on a tender tooth.

The principal symptoms are irregular action of the bowels, foul breath, depraved appetite, and general want of tone and vigour.

A dog with these symptoms should have his teeth thoroughly examined by a vet, and all bad ones removed.

The following recipe, as prescribed by Mr. Barton, M.R.C.V.S., will be found beneficial, though if the teeth are at fault no permanent cure can be effected until they have been attended to:—

Pepsin, 1 drachm.
Bicarbonate of soda, 3 drachms.
Powdered animal charcoal, 2 drachms.

Mix, and divide into twelve powders.

Are you carrying a Millstone instead of a Big Salary?

I.C.S. spare-time study will help you to get rid of that millstone of hard work—small pay—long hours. Last year it helped 5,521 students to get better pay. Here is an example:—

"I have been a student in your schools two years. I have now been successful in securing a position in South Africa at an increase in salary of 220 per cent. I attribute my success to the I.C.S."—ALBERT H. M. HARDING, Derby.

More students enrol with the I.C.S. through recommendation than from all other sources put together. Thousands will enrol this year and get better pay. Will you be among them? The I.C.S. train you, through the post, for the higher positions in your present, or desired vocation.

Over 180 courses to choose from. Terms to meet your purse. All books free. No classes to attend. Reference to I.C.S. students in *your own* district. Mark and send the coupon now for free particulars. No obligation to go further.

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FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor, who will answer all queries to the best of his ability.—Editor.)

The close of the nineteen day account of the Stock Exchange was marked by a fall in prices in some markets, especially Home Rails, which the jobbers hammered on every sign of weakness.

The stocks of the Southern passenger lines show the biggest falls; but operators who are strong enough to protect their stock need not worry, as prices, in my opinion, will establish fresh high records in the near future.

Everybody Talking Oil.

Everybody in the City is talking oil, and prices would be moving very much faster if there were not so many parcels of "Shop" shares to unload.

The Central Carparthian, about which I made a few remarks last week, is relying on the market for the disposal of practically the whole of its share capital, and it appears to be turning out a difficult job, as there is now talk of amalgamation with other leading companies in Galicia.

I still advise my readers to have nothing to do with Central Carpathian shares.

The American Market.

The American market, notwithstanding the struggle for the Presidency, the Mississippi floods, and bad news generally, has gone merrily ahead, and doubtless the strong base metal position has something to do with this, being the forerunner of better trade generally.

My remarks last week about the danger "bears" which were running in this market, has soon borne fruit, as stocks are from one to six dollars better all round.

Canadian Pacifics, which I have been "pegging" away at for the last six or eight weeks, have had a jump to 271½, and although a set-back in price is now due, I advise all my readers to buy every time the price goes under 270, and hold for 290. There are very big developments on in connection with this Company.

The Canadian Boom.

Those who wish to participate in the Canadian boom, and consider Can. Pacs. too heavy to deal in, cannot do better than buy Trunk Ordinary round about present prices —the rise may not be so fast as in the case of Can. Pacs., but it will be sure.

The strong market in oil shares has come to stop, and some of the largest financial houses are eagerly taking a hand. The price of oil itself is rising, and there is not the slightest fear of over production.

Ural Caspians, recommended in this column last week at 3⅜, have been 4⅞ bid, and Mexican Eagles have risen a quarter.

My tips for the coming week are as follows: G. M. Oilfields, at ½; Constantine, at 1⅛; Galician Oil Trust, at ¾; Consolidated Oilfields of Trinidad, at 3s. 3d.; Mexican Eagle, at 2⅜; Mid. European Oil, at 1 7-16; Standard of Mexico "A," at 4s.; ditto "B," 10s.

A purchase of any of above should show a nice profit in the near future.

Tip to Small Operators.

I shall always be glad to reply to my readers' correspondence by return of post if possible, and I hope small operators will ask my advice before investing, as there are a great many so-called oil companies that have no oil and never will have.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

R. BOYD (Belfast).—In my opinion you will be well advised to have nothing whatever to do with the scheme you mention.

C.L.N. (Chorley).—There is practically no market in the shares, the quotation is ⅛ to ¼ nominal.

C. AINLEY (Rotherham).—I do not advise a purchase of either, but if you are a holder it may be well to keep them. I think No. 2 has the better chance of improvement.

CAREFUL (Bristol).—Hold, but do not average at present.

L.M.R. (Hunstanton).—Thanks for your suggestion, but I am afraid it will not be practicable.

N.B. (Glasgow).—Jobbers rank equally with brokers as members of the Stock Exchange, but the former are not allowed by the rules to deal direct with the public, penalty would be suspension for a period.

J.E. (Edgbaston).—Hold Nos. 1 and 2. The dividend prospects of 3 and 4 are not hopeful.

S.H. (Cardiff).—Both are very speculative. No. 2 I think, the better prospect.

MAX (Tiverton).—A quite safe, B hopeful but speculative, C not suitable for a Trustee investment.

W.W. (Streatham).—A promising holding. Quoted in the Official List daily.

S.X. (Forest Gate).—I am informed the price was correct at the time you say order was given, the quick rise occurring about half an hour afterwards.

PETROS (Swansea).—Please send stamped addressed envelope, and I will reply to you fully.

OLD READER (Dawlish).—An indifferent holding, and I do not advice averaging.

CAUTION (Llanelly).—I think you are quite right in refusing to take over the shares, there is a heavy liability and you can obtain an equal return with much less risk.

PUZZLED (Colchester).—New York time is five hours behind London time, consequently when Wall Street opens at 3 p.m. it is equal to 8 p.m. here, hence the necessity of "street" dealing.

PATER (Leeds).—A fair speculative lock-up.

INVESTOR (Manchester).—Hold all for higher prices.

CUDOS (Cheltenham).—Nos. 2 and 5 should improve shortly. No. 6 is a good investment, the others I should get rid of at any small profit.

JACK (Margate).—I think better left alone.

READING (Liverpool).—There is not so free a market as in some other American Rails, and you can only deal in multiples of 20 shares.

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BARKING GALLANTS.

Budge, an Irish Terrier, Works as Newsvendor.

Had animals the power of speech and the spirit of co-operation, it is ten to one they would start some society such as the Royal Humane for saving life and reward gallant conduct. Only recently quite a number of deserving cases have been brought under notice.

Rescue from the Desert.

An old prospector named Burton lost his way and wandered over a desert for two days and nights. He was then found by two hounds, belonging to mine owners, lying in the sand behind a clump of grease wood.

The dogs set up such a barking that they attracted the attention of their masters half a mile away, and when the owners reached the side of the old man he was unconscious, but revived when given water.

Nit's Discovery in Quicksand.

Buried in quicksand which had slowly crept to his chin and was close to his mouth and nostrils, a four-year-old boy named Swertsenger, whose disappearance upset the town in which he lived and for whom the whole populace hunted for a day and night, was found by a dog called "Nit."

During the night searchers passed within five feet of the spot where the boy was discovered, but the rays of the lantern carried were too feeble to throw young Swertsenger's head into relief against the dark shadows of the swamp.

When finally extricated from the quicksand the boy was too weak even to cry. His limbs and body were covered with sores, and he had lost all his clothing.

During a disastrous fire in a Kansas City stockyard not long since, a goat was seen leading nearly a hundred sheep to safety through an open gate.

Bulldog's Visit to a Chum.

This is not a case of heroic conduct, but it is nevertheless interesting.

Being only a white bull terrier, Dewey knows nothing of all the heart-throb literature written about home and fireside, but he apparently has the feeling just like folk.

His owner decided to have a change, and settled nearly two hundred miles from his old address. Dewey was installed in a comfortable home, but in his heart there was a longing for the old place. Running away from his new home, he was missing for several days; then the owner received a letter from an old friend.

Dewey had arrived back in the old town footsore and hungry, and resumed his place behind a stove alongside the cat with which he had been on very friendly terms since a cat was a kitten and he a pup.

Many dogs have been trained to fetch the morning newspaper for their masters, but Budge, an Irish terrier, a Springfield newsman's dog, can claim to have gone one better than this.

As a boy, Budge's master arranged that he should deliver papers on one side of the street while he looked after the other, and the system employed was to give the dog three papers at a time to deliver, whereupon Budge would walk away gravely up to a house, lay a paper in its accustomed place, then pick up the remaining papers and walk on to their places of delivery.

Visitors View Novel Sight.

The people along the route were very proud of the dog which delivered their papers, and took great pleasure in getting visitors at their houses out of bed at unseemly hours in the morning to view the novel sight of the dog delivering papers undirected by his master.

They were also ready to assist Budge in various ways. One man had in front of his house a high gate, which the dog was obliged to jump in order to reach the place of delivery. To make things easier for the dog, the man cut a hole in the gate.

In his work, however, Budge possessed a few qualities not so far removed from human, one of them being that he occasionally desired to loaf for a day. He would work diligently for about three weeks on a stretch as a rule, but at the end of that time he would frequently disappear at the beginning of his regular rounds, sometimes taking his first mouthful of papers with him.

When his master returned from school, however, Budge would always be waiting for him in front of the house, wagging his tail and attempting to "make friends."

Happy only in a Cab.

There is also an instance known to the writer where it was customary for a dog to travel into a certain town during the afternoon to meet his master in order to accompany him home in a cab in the evening.

On one occasion, however, the master failed to put in an appearance, and after waiting some considerable time the dog began to show signs of agitation.

Spot raced backwards and forwards along the street, and eventually made a dash for a cabstand, there to set up a terrific howl. The dog was not unknown to the Jehus on the rank at the time, and they endeavoured to coax the animal into silence. But it was no good; the howling continued, and at last the dog sprang into a cab and refused to budge.

Then it was the reason of the canine's uneasiness dawned upon the cabmen, and Spot was driven home.

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THE WEEK'S RACING.

BY THE OLD HAND.

The great race at Headquarters last week, which was supposed to throw some light on the Derby, failed in its object; in fact, it renders the problem to be solved in connection with the big race at Epsom more difficult than ever.

In the Two Thousand Guineas, White Star just managed to keep Cylgad out of fourth place, but in the Newmarket stakes that failed to run up to that form, and was very easily beaten.

It may be argued that the race last week was a quarter of a mile farther than the "Guineas," but it must be remembered that Clygad had Mr. Joel's horse well whacked before a mile had been covered, so that the reversal of form is not easy to account for.

A DOUBTED ARGUMENT.

Again, it is argued that the hard state of the going was all against him, and that should we get plenty of rain in the meantime, he will put up an altogether different performance on the fourth of next month. With this view I do not agree, being of opinion that with everything in his favour, he could not stay the mile and a half on the Epsom gradient.

Cylgad, it will be remembered, was disqualified after wining the Gimcrack stakes last year, and the race awarded to Lomond. Sir Ernest Cassel's horse was in receipt of 14lbs. on that occasion, and considering that Lomond was only beaten a neck after being interfered with, he appeared to be fully a stone the better horse.

Last week, they met on level terms, and in view of Mr. Wootton's statement that his charge was perfectly sound, Cylgad could not reasonably have been expected to beat him in a true run race.

TAGALIE'S HOPEFUL OWNER.

Mordred is hardly class enough to be seriously considered for the Derby, though it was no mean performance to beat The Story. The owner of Tagalie is not without hope that his filly will carry off the premier honours of the season. I shall have more to say about the race next week.

CURRENT RACING.

We are promised some interesting racing at York on the first three days this week, and although Bath clashes on Tuesday and Wednesday, neither meeting is likely to be affected.

At the first named meeting

DALNACRAG

should win the Welter Handicap on Monday. Should he be absent

BRANCEPETH

may be worth supporting.

Mr. Hibbert likes to win at this meeting, and possibly

SUNRIPE

may improve on his third to Queen's Lock at Leicester, and credit his owner with the Glasgow Selling Welter.

On Tuesday the Great Northern Handicap, worth 700 sovs, should prove an interesting race, and

VICTORY

may compensate Mr. Stedall for his failure in the Great "Met."

CURVET

may be good enough in the Craven Three-Year-Old Handicap.

The winner of the Melrose Handicap is not easy to find, and I can only suggest that if fit,

SAUCY JOHN

might win his customary race at the meeting. Orpiment, with all his weight, should make a good show.

On Wednesday

VICTORY

is engaged in the Rockingham Handicap, but I think he is more likely to go for the race for which I have selected him. Should he wait for this, the tip would be obvious. In his absence,

BRAEMAR may win.

There are a useful lot engaged in the Voltigeur Handicap, and several hold a chance. If

NERESTAN

runs I shall back him, but should he be absent, I shall look on, though I am warned not to make

WHIMSEY

a loser the first time she runs.

At Bath on Tuesday,

POLYNESIA

has a chance in the Beaufort Handicap, and

ROULEAU

will be worth backing for the Doddington Plate.

On Wednesday, DILWYN (unlucky last time out), may register a win for Mr. Farquharson. In this race there is a horse engaged that I shall keep on backing until he wins, to wit, Grayling IV. He was the unluckiest horse that ran at Epsom, and I am confident that he would have made a fight of it with the winner of the Prince of Wales's Stakes had he not got shut in.

Thursday and Friday is allotted to Salisbury, where, on the first day, LOWLANDER may win the Wiltshire Plate.

I have no idea what is likely to be the field for the Salisbury Cup on Thursday, but whichever Mr. George Edwards sends, JORDON or WANONO will have to be watched, whilst ATTY, if anything like fit and in a racing mood, may be a bit of a danger.

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THE OUTER MAN.

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REGATTA DRESS.

A correspondent inquiries how he should dress when attending a river regatta. Flannels, or a flannel suit, straw hat, and lacing boots or shoes, preferably brown or white, are correct.

If you are going to be on land all the time a light tweed suit is not altogether incorrect, but flannels are better. On no account go to an aquatic function wearing frock or morning dress.

I think it is Mr. E. W. Hornung who in one of his novels describes the misery of a Colonial who turns up at Henley in a frock coat and silk hat.

BOWLERS.

"Bowlers" are large this season, with a wide, moderately curling brim. They look rather "sporting," and are best suited to men with big, heavy faces. Small featured men are apt to get "lost" under them.

FOB POCKETS.

Apropos my recent remarks on a "thief proof" pocket, a correspondent asks whether I approve of fob pockets. No, I don't, though I admit that Americans are very fond of them, and they are a practical people.

I dislike the fob pocket, i.e., in the waist-belt of the trousers, because it is inconvenient to get at, and constantly pulling up your waistcoat to reach it will not improve the waistcoat's appearance.

Then, although apparently inaccessible, I don't believe it is thief-proof at all.

In a crowd a thief almost invariably works from in front of you. This is when he has marked you down. He manœuvres to get immediately in front of you so that you are pressing against his back.

Then, when the procession, or whatever it may be, comes along, and all heads are craned he slips a hand back and quickly runs over you.

The stomach is not very sensitive to touch, and it is easy enough for him to slip his fingers up under your waistcoat and empty your fob.

But with my pocket inside the waistcoat and heart high, it is very difficult for him to get his fingers there without attracting attention.

In a crowd remember that the pick-pocket danger is far more likely to come from in front of you than from behind.

PARTINGS.

"Esau" (Wolverhampton) asks whether I consider it effeminate in a man to part his hair in the middle? I do not. Lord Kitchener, for one, parts his hair this way, and he is pretty masculine.

It is usually a question of the shape of your head. Square-headed men, with thick, plentiful hair, are best suited by the middle part. Round-headed men, on the other hand, may be advised to part their hair at the side.

The side-parting, too, is best for the man with thin, scanty hair, or who has a bald patch.

So now, "Esau," I hope you know all about it.

SUMMER OVERCOATS.

There is no more useful garment than a smart summer overcoat, and it is worth while to spend time and trouble in choosing one.

The material must be light in weight, and all the linings in harmony.

Many summer overcoats have only the sleeves and shoulders lined, but I think a coat lined throughout is more useful.

A good many of these coats are being made with velvet collars, but here you want to be careful.

Unless your summer overcoat is made of grey, light green, or brown cloth, avoid a velvet collar, and even when these conditions are fulfilled it is essential that the velvet should absolutely match the cloth. If it does not the whole effect will be ruined.

On the whole, it is safer to stick to a cloth collar.

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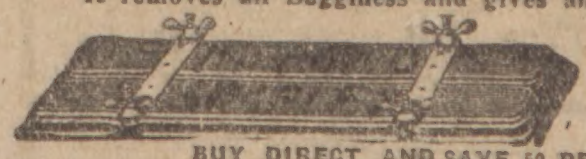

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For a whole week, without any cost to yourself, without the need of parting with a penny, you may enjoy the strength and health-giving value of Mr. Sandow's Wonderful Invention, the Sandow Spring-Grip Dumb-Bell, which helps you to gain not only greater strength, but more-finely developed physical proportions. Their use entails no violent exertion, they may be adapted for use by women and children as well as the sturdiest man.

It is only necessary to fill in and forward the coupon below as directed to at once receive a pair of the famous Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells for **seven days' free home trial.** There is nothing to pay. Simply send the coupon, and the Dumb-Bells are at once posted, carriage paid, to your door.

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These charts have been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of Dumb-Bells, and are obtainable alone with this health and strength-giving invention.

You need not keep the Dumb-Bells after seven days unless you wish, but if, after using these Dumb-Bells **for Seven Days Free**, you decide to keep them, send us deposit of 2s. 6d., and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2s. 6d. per month, which only means the small sum of ONE PENNY PER DAY.

The few minutes' exercise daily with the splendid apparatus will give you health, strength, and stamina. They will give to woman fuller grace of figure, encouraging beauty of form; to men greater dignity and distinction, and to both a splendid feeling of well-being and virility. Exercise with the Dumb-Bells, which should be a regular process by every member of the family for at least five minutes per day, quickly develops the muscles of the arms, deepens and strengthens the chest; whilst exercises are also included for developing the leg muscles and improving the general physique so that you may keep strong, healthy, and happy.

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Room 39, Sandow Hall, Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19

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This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

Signed ..... *Age*.....

FREE TRIAL.

Address .....

.....

*Please Cross out Sizes not required.

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